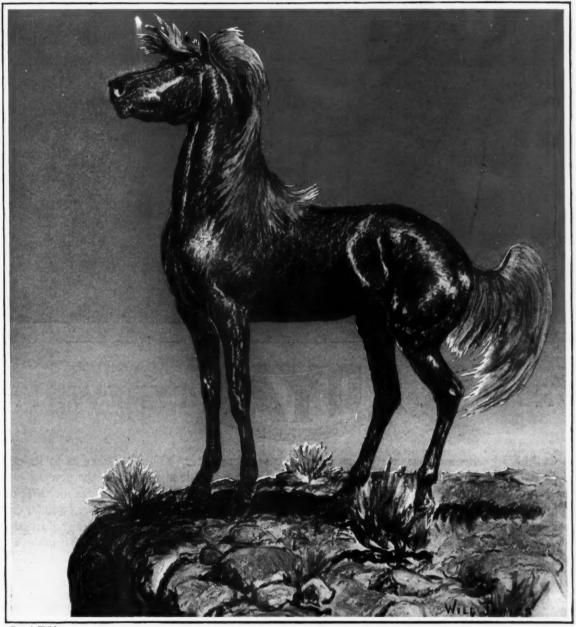
YOUTH'S COMPANION



Drawn by Will James

THE BEST WILD HORSE IN ARIZONA

See "The King," a story by E. E. Harriman, page 303

Also in this issue: Stories by Maud Mary Brown, Jonathan Brooks and Elsie Singmaster "JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.," A Special Interview with the Greatest American Giver, by Earl Reeves

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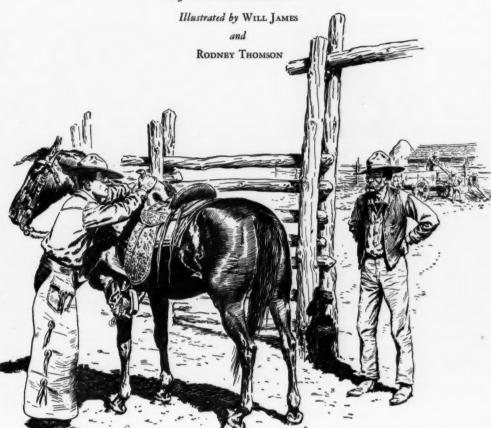
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THE · YOUTH'S · COMPANION

VOLUME 101

The King

By E. E. HARRIMAN



Dejectedly, Jimmy gathered the reins and slid a foot into the stirrup to mount. There were sparks in his eyes

JIMMY HENDERSON steadied his little telescope against the stem of a bush and sighed happily, as he saw the image of the King occupy the lens center. Sprawled on the flat of his stomach on the rim rock, half a mile at the south of Horse Mesa, he saw the chestnut glory that men called the best wild horse ever seen in Arizona, as he paraded on top of the mesa. Jimmy knew the history of the King by heart. His sire was Old Spot, who had been the pride of Bill Goring until the horse "turned native" and fled into a region that was mainly desert, with some mountains breaking its surface, a section from which Goring had never been able to recapture him.

The defection of Old Spot was due to the attractions of a lithe and beautiful mare, who and the current of Old Spot was due to the attractions of a lithe and beautiful mare, who had more speed and endurance than any of her kind the ranchers had known. Also this mare had the cunning of a grizzly and the wind of an antelone running away with ease telope, running away with ease from every horse sent against her, outwitting riders as easily as she distanced their mounts.

as she distanced their mounts. Relaying her proved a failure, since she climbed where no horse has any business to risk its life, yet doing it calmly as a plow horse follows a furrow. Old Spot had courage to spare, and he showed himself able to keep his position beside or a little ahead of this mare, in a race. To this pair a son was born that caused more talk among the riders of the son was born that caused more talk among the riders of the plains than any other colt had ever started. Men claimed that the mare was Hambletonian on her mother's side, which gave her so much of wisdom when allied with a wild sire's cuning. They know the Old Senting. ning. They knew that Old Spot was thoroughbred, and that such a combination must pro-

such a combination must produce superior qualities; so they accepted the story of a rancher regarding the colt, when the latter was eight months old.

"I was in that patch of brush where Venado Wash meets the west side of Pioche Canyon, lookin' for young stock, when two of the boys started the band of Old Spot three miles north. I had ridden to where the mesquites dwindled down to young stuff that only come to my shoulders, and my hoss only showed his head, when I saw the dust raise up there. I stopped to watch and see what was comin' so fast, raisin' a cloud like that.

"It didn't seem no time at all, until Old

see what was comin' so fast, raisin' a cloud like that.

"It didn't seem no time at all, until Old Spot came tearin' along down Pioche, to within eighty yards of me, and turned to look back, head and tail up, and him snortin' and blowin'. I'm a 'Pache squaw if there wasn't that colt right alongside his pa, imitatin' him faithful, every way. He hadn't lost ground in three mile of runnin', and his wind was in fine shape, for he pranced and snorted and tried to do everything like Old Spot did. That colt will make a hoss someday that's worth havin'."

Later, men tried to relay-run the colt, and after the second trial the colt left the country. He was then two years old. Now he had come back as a mature horse of six years and had taken up the habit of his sire, of posing on top of Horse Mesa and watching for coming enemies. A gallant sight he made up there, shining in the glossy spring suit he had lately acquired, dark chestnut in color, with mane and tail of a light tan. Jimmy Henderson sighed again as he watched the

"I WISH I had the handling of you, you beauty!" he murmured. "There will be eleven men after you in a few days, every man with a bunch of good horses. They will run you dizzy and blind, and after they

catch you and get a saddle on you some twister with good legs and a mean heart is sure to ride you down. They will make you submit, if they have to break your heart to do it. I wish I could handle you."

Closing his telescope, Jimmy rose to his feet and walked back into a draw, where his horse waited for him. The boy lifted the trailing rein and put it back over the head of his horse, then rested an arm along the

horse waited for him. The boy lifted the trailing rein and put it back over the head of his horse, then rested an arm along the arched neck while he stroked the head that turned to reach him. For the space of two minutes he played with his mount absentmindedly, the horse showing eager delight in every touch of his hand. Then he mounted. Bill Goring, former owner of Old Spot, had planned the great relay run to capture the King, and he lived five miles away. Turning the head of Conejo towards the Goring home, Jimmy slapped a rump with a careless hand. After that he lapsed into a brown study over the coming race to capture the King, and Conejo did as he pleased, using any gait that the ground seemed to demand. Running walk, fox trot, easy, springy lope, alike seemed a matter of indifference to Jimmy, until the horse stopped close to the Goring round corral, where they roped the wild ones.

"Hello, Jim! Light and rest your saddle. What's on your mind?"

Bill Goring grinned cheerfully at the boy as he spoke.

"I soent half an hour watching the King

Bill Goring grinned cheerfully at the boy as he spoke.

"I spent half an hour watching the King this morning," said Jimmy, "and I rode over here to ask a favor of you, Mr. Goring. I expect you to catch him this time; in fact I don't see how you can fail, with so many men and horses. What I want is to get you to promise to keep him out of the hands of those peelers that have busted your broncs. The King is a heap too good to be handled by The King is a heap too good to be handled by a twister. You don't want to break his heart.

He can be gentled without that and should

Goring laughed, and his eyes were still

Goring laughed, and his eyes were still twinkling when he spoke.

"Jim, you know well enough that a wild horse can't be tamed by any soft-sawder tricks. You have to make them know that you are boss right off the reel, or they will kill you. No, Jim, I'm not promising anything."

kill you. No, Jim, I in not perthing."

"Will you if I promise to do the gentling for you, free of charge?"

"No. If you try it, the King will get away from you, and we will be just where we were before we began; or else he will kill you."

Dejectedly, Jimmy gathered the reins and slid a foot into the stirrup to mount. He paused on one foot and looked across the saddle at the man who had refused his request. There were sparks in his eyes.

saddle at the man who had refused his request. There were sparks in his eyes.

"Mr. Goring, it is the law in Arizona that a wild horse belongs to the man who first gets him under control, isn't it?"

"Sure! Of course!" cried the big man, laughing hard. "Hop to it and catch the King yourself. Nobody will dispute your claim if you get him first, not even if you pick up ahead of my riders. Go to it, Jim!"

Then be laughed again, harder than at

Then he laughed again, harder than at first, because Jim sounded so ridiculous. He even turned to shout the joke to three men

even turned to shout the joke to three men who were now loading fence posts into a wagon. They needed no interpreter to explain the joke, and they added their mirth to that of the boss. Jim waited.

"Thank you, Mr. Goring," he said, when the rancher quieted down. "I shall remember that, but you know that I never said I expected to catch the King. I asked a question only, because there are others who want to get the King. You aren't the only man in Arizona who admires him."

HE swung into the saddle, and a flurry of dust marked his trail as Conejo sprang from a standstill into a high lope. Goring stared.

"I wonder if that boy means to get help," he muttered. "Well, if he does, my promise won't hold, seeing that every-body knows it is against all rules and regulations for one outfit to cut in ahead of another in such a race. I only promised on a lone hand."

Three days went by and the

on a lone hand."

Three days went by and the relay race began, with nine men riding and two extras waiting a call to relieve the others. Jimmy watched the race from a tower of rock that gave him an opportunity to observe the wild horse and his pursuers on two thirds of their course. two thirds of their course two thirds of their course. While he sat on the crest of this slim-bodied butte, the King went past him three times, and always he passed through the same gateway between rocks, same gateway between rocks, to cross a wash; yet the men following made no attempt to trap him there. Jimmy did a little hard thinking about that, and after the wild horse passed the third time he climbed down and rode to this open space.

and rode to this open space.

Jimmy took one good look at the opening and nodded his head wisely over understanding why some roper did not lie in wait here. The ground rose sharply from the north, but the pitch downward towards the south, to the dry wash, was nearly vertical. The King and the riders who followed risked their necks every time they passed. Let a cowboy rope the King in here, and his plunge to regain his freedom meant a broken neck for himself, at the least, with death to his captor very near also.

very near also.

Jimmy studied this pass inn his eyes

n bis eyes

classification being the paused to look back as though the paused to look back as though the paused to look back as though that back the paused to look back as though that back the paused to look back as though some sudden thought had backered the paused to look back as though some sudden thought had backered the paused to look back as though the paused the paused to look back as though some sudden the paused to look back as though some sudden the paused to look back as though the look back as the look back as though the look back as though the look back as the look back as though the look back as though the look back as the

thought had struck him; which was exactly what had happened.

This wash in dry seasons was hard and safe for the crossing of any animal, but when the rains came in midsummer and in winter it softened until one old-timer said, "It will bog a snipe in wet weather." Under an exterior that offered no threats, lurked a treacherous quicksand, after the rains had softened it and provided a liquid content that kept the sand in condition for running and clinging.

sortener it and provided a inquit content that kept the sand in condition for running and clinging.

Jimmy had remembered this and at the same time had thought of the Indian zanja, or water ditch. This ran south of the wash and almost on the same line for half a mile, but about one hundred yards from where he had crossed the wash it turned directly south, to reach the gardens of the tribe owning the water. Jimmy knew the chief and stood high in the old man's estimation. He had earned his position there by several acts in the interests of the tribe. Jimmy had meddled righteously at one of the critical periods for the natives by talking to an official who had come to adjudicate differences between the aborigines and cattlemen. An astute man and one who actually yearned to be just, this official had no doubt of the boy's honesty, truth and keen understanding, and the tribal right to this water remained unimpaired.

paired.

Now Jimmy loped swiftly towards the Indian village, his mind busy in arranging the strands of a plan he had begun to formulate. The chief received him with dignified cordiality, and Jimmy talked rapidly for a few moments. Then the old chief grinned and nodded his head. One sharp call from him and a dozen of his men trotted up quickly to answer. The chief drew a map in the sand with one finger, talking busily the

while. A few guttural syllables from the men and they all ran to gather shovels. Jimmy led the way back to the zanja, where it

made the elbow.

One Indian mounted a low ridge, scanned One Indian mounted a low ridge, scanned the landscape for a moment and ran to join his mates. One hand pointed, gestured, waved this way and that while this man spoke briefly. Then twelve shovels began to dig out a new channel, beginning half a yard from the water ditch. This ran to the east twenty paces, then northeast to the bank of the wash. Here the cut had to be deeper, and again the cut turned east. Presently, the head man sent another back to the zanja madre, or mother ditch, and this man cut the half-yard of bank to let the water into the new trench, putting the dirt that had been taken out back into the ditch below the

limmy saw the water come pouring down the new ditch parallel with the wash, then turn out into the sand, where Indians led it on to fill a hole they had dug there. This hole was only a foot deep, but twenty feet long; in spite of a good flow it never filled quite full. Now the Indians laid three rawhide riatas Now the Indians laid three rawhide riatas ready for use, upon the bank, and retired to a thin brush patch. Jimmy left his horse fifty yards back, but in plain view, and took his station between two large rocks, where he could watch the crossing. He had but a short time to wait before the King came over the narrow pass, bunched his feet and squatted on his heels to slide.

Already he had run more than sixty miles, in a great oval course, a distance that would have slowed a horse of less endurance to have slowed a horse of less endurance to where his capture with a rope would have been easy, but the King still held his beauti-ful head high and his tail cocked airily. Jimmy could well understand why Bill Gor-ing valued this magnificent animal at a thousand hard dollars, if he could be tamed, as he came slithering down the steep slope amid a shower of small stones and crumbled dirt. Now he held his breath nervously, as he watched the stallion gather himself and gallop towards the south bank. Would his trap work, or would it fail? The King was fast on his feet, and the wash was not very wide here. He was coming so fast that it was wide here. He was coming so fast that it was matter of seconds only until- Ah!

THE big brute sank fetlock deep, plunged THE big brute sank fetlock deep, plunged once and went down until his body touched the surface sand. A sound that was half cry, half groan, came from his open mouth, as he struggled to lift his feet and sank halfway up his sides. The quicksand had wakened under the influence of the ditch water. Jimmy shouted, and two In-

N the center of a gay group the Varick twins, Lorraine, a girl, and Willson, her brother, were speeding homeward. At a rural station one of the young men called attention to a farmer, roughened and bent, who was watching the long express with hungry eyes.

dians ran for the zanja madre, with shovels. They would turn the water back into the

proper channel.

Now the other Indians were out of hiding. and three lifted the hide ropes and swung the nooses. In a moment three loops were on the King's neck, but only lightly tightened. the King's neck, but only lightly tightened. Other men were carrying small logs and laying them side by side to make a walk to reach the horse. Jimmy stood on the bank directing them. A rider came to the top of the pass, and his shout made the bogged horse struggle once more. Jimmy looked up. "Bully for you!" yelled the rider. "Bill will pay you well for the work you've done today. I'll signal Hank, and he will take charge."

"Save yourself the trouble, Red!" Jimmy answered. "This is my catch and my horse. Bill has nothing to do with the King."
"You'll find out different, you young

whelp!" the rider replied.

His revolver came out of the holster, and three shots roared to the distant men Bill Goring had stationed around that course Jimmy paid no attention to this man and his shooting, but started out on the logs, slow step after slow step, talking softly in a level monotone and keeping his arms down. The King watched him, wide-eyed and alert, but helpless, save for what he might do with his teeth. As Jimmy approached, his ears went back in threat, his nose wrinkled, and the King showed strong teeth that made a few clicking sounds. He did not propose to sur-

render yet.

Barely beyond reach, Jimmy halted and stood talking quietly, keeping the tones of his voice soothing and restful. Gradually, the ears lost a little of their tenseness, and Jimmy moved forward an inch at a time. A second pause found him so close that the King could almost reach the leg of his captor. A few moments of rest here and Jimmy moved closer. Those strong teeth threatened, did nothing more, and the boy went

Now he was beside the horse, where the

teeth could not reach him, so close to the trembling brute that he could touch his body. Cautiously, he reached a hand. The King shrank from Jimmy's touch, as far as the wet sand allowed, which was little but enough to let Jimmy feel a contraction of his skin and the fine tremor of outraged nerves. Then Hank, the rider who was to have taken up the chase after the wash had been passed, came down the little slope to where the Indians held the riatas.

"Pass me that rope," he said to the first Indian. "Mucho gracias, señor, for roping the King, but I'll take care of him now."

The Indian glanced at him and shook his head, bead eyes twinkling.

head, bead eyes twinkling.

JIMMY went on stroking the bog-bound horse. Two more horsemen rode up beside Red and looked across. Only ten yards lay between the hard bank and the head of the King. Jimmy had worked along that broad back to the neck and his fingers were busy there, while he watched the ears. Red and his companions shouted across to Hank, advising him to enforce his own orders advising him to enforce his own orders against the Indians. One man rode out of sight, planning to cross the wash farther to the north and so ride to assist Hank.

This man came along to where Hank sat his horse, and used hard words against obdurate Indians who merely shook obstinate durate Indians who merely shook obstinate heads when he gave an order. He undertook to make a cast with his own rope, but just as the whirling noose left his hand his mount leaped and the throw fell short. One of the Indians laughed quietly and picked up an-other pebble. His first had hit the roper's horse in the flash horse in the flank.

horse in the flank.

Now this cowboy tried to reason with Jimmy, who had one hand gently rubbing the base of the King's ears, which had relaxed the tension of fear and now pointed upward, tentatively considering surrender to the delight of being petted. The raucous voice of the cowbox game to Lim

light of being petted. The raucous voice of the cowboy came to Jim.

"Tell your bucks to clear out, and I'll have my twine on that hoss in two shakes, and Hank and me will haul him out of that muck," it said.

Jimmy shook his head and kept on working with the King. The cowboy grew angry and tried to bully the Indians. One moved swiftly while the rider was occupied with another. His hands hoisted a foot, and the white rider pitched over the shoulder of his mount, to the ground. He grabbed his gun, but supple hands took it away from him instantly. The pair that watched from the pass raced to get around to join their fellows. Still Jimmy went on making love to the King, and the big horse showed plainly that

he liked it and did not resent the hand that rubbed his no

Now four horsemen tried to impress a dozen Indians without success, and the four dozen Indians without success, and the four kept showing more anger with every passing moment, until a reckless, hot-tempered puncher threatened to begin shooting unless they were allowed to handle the King unmolested. Jimmy had a hand cupped on the nostrils of the King, and the horse was drawing deep breaths, getting the association between personal odor and the gentle kindness he felt. Jimmy left the trapped horse and walked ashore.

walked ashore.

"Keep that gun in the holster, Jack," he said sharply. "Bill Goring promised me that if I picked the King up ahead of his men he would say nothing against it. You are not going to haul the King out of there by his neck, if I have to cut every rope. This is my horse."

'Bill will be here in two shakes, and we'll see what he says about that, you young—"
the man began to say. Jimmy held up a

hand.
"Don't say it, Jack. We will wait for Bill, and we won't raise a row about it before he comes. I am within my rights, entirely."
"You think so, huh? After we strung ropes and flutter rags to stop up every gap and run the beast sixty mile, huh? Not much!"
But Bill come scouled griened about

But Bill came, scowled, grinned, shook hands with Jimmy and ordered his men to stand back and watch Jimmy and his In-dians. The water that had been run into the sand had stopped flowing long ago, and the shovels were busy digging a channel from the bank to the prisoned horse, while the water drained away from around him. A strong headstall went on the head of the King, and the riatas were fastened to this and held by Indians. Then the last, gripping sands were opened up, and the King came

He came with a rush and the ropes grew around the horn of his saddle, checked him and talked to him in quiet tones. To the astonishment of Bill and his men, the King turned to look at the boy, without either fear or anger in his manner.

Six months later, Jimmy rode the King over to Bill's place, got off hung the rein on

Six months later, Jimmy rode the King over to Bill's place, got off, hung the rein on the horn and walked up to the house. The King never let Jimmy get beyond reach of his nose for a second, following like a dog. "Jim, you win big," said Bill. "There's a whole lot in your way of handlin' a hoss, I'll admit. I'll pay you a thousand for the King."

King."
"Not for sale, Bill, now or ever," came the

Sacred to the Memory By MAUD MARY BROWN

Illustrated by EARNEST GREEN

with hungry eyes.

"Your father is a farmer, isn't he?" some one said to Willson as the train moved off.

"He's a breeder of thoroughbreds," Lor-

kept them away."
"It's perfectly natural. They probably felt that they didn't have proper clothes or raine cut in swiftly. she was sorry a moment later when Willson caught her eyes and the color came quickly into her pretty face.

The twins changed trains shortly. They were the only ones to take the branch line

that they wouldn't feel comfortable in our crowd, or something like that."
"We didn't urge them very hard, did we?"
"Good gracious! Aren't they old enough to know what they want to do?" Lorraine's "You're to come to us in July," an excited girl reminded them for the last time.
"And to us in August," Madeline Masters

to know what they want to do?" Lorraine's voice was defiant.
Willson was silent while the train crawled up a wooded slope. "I don't know how you feel, Lorraine, but I think, if we're going round with a crowd that would make fun of father and mother, we'd better cut loose."
"Don't be absurd! They'll never have the chance anyway."

added.

The express pulling out cut short the last farewells and carried waving hats and fluttering handkerchiefs round the bend.

Lorraine voiced her depression. "There's the end of the pleasantest relationship in the world," she said. "There's no next year together, you know."

"But there's life liberty and the appropriate the content of the pleasantest relationship." chance anyway."

They reached Brookside in late afternoon

As they caught sight of their father, his superficial likeness to that other countryman obtruded itself and made them, in spite of effort, a little awkward in their greetings. getner, you know."
"But there's life, liberty and the pursuit
of happiness," Willson reminded her.
She sighed as she settled back in her chair.

effort, a little awkward in their greetings. "You must show me the crops tomorrow." Willson said as they drove through the woodland that skirted Varick Lake.

Lorraine's laugh rang blithely. With the country beauties in sight and the fragance in her nostrils, she had become light-hearted. "If the crops know what's good for them, they'll perk up, won't they, dad?"
In another moment they were home and Mrs. Varick was glowing under the warmth of their affectionate onslaught.

When supper was over, she gently propelled Lorraine to the cool piazza. "You must be tired, and besides your

She sighed as she settled back in her chair.
"Anyway, I'm thankful for quiet. I don't want to see anything all summer that reminds me of a college dormitory."
"Wait till you've been a week in Brookside. You'll be thankful for 'most any diversion then."
"It's precious little Brookside will see of us if we keep our engagements. I wonder if I can get a position in a school next year. I hope so," she said thoughtfully.
"Lorrie," Willson said after a pause, "I wonder why dad and mother didn't come on to commencement."

to commencement."
"Why, I suppose they didn't want to."

"You'd think wild horses couldn't have dress is too lovely for the kitchen," she re-

plied to Lorraine's remonstrances.
"Well, I'll help tomorrow," Lorraine said as she yielded. When she opened her eyes in the morning,

When she opened her eyes in the morning, her mother was stealing into the room.

"I'm awake," she said, sitting up.

"I'll bring your tray right up."

"Mother! You'll do nothing of the sort!
I'm not to be babied. Why, how can I develop into a self-reliant schoolmistress if you spoil me so?"

"But you're tired now," explained how."

'But you're tired now," explained her

Well, just this once. And I don't mind "Well, just this once. And I don't mind telling you that it's heavenly to be so idle. But I must be up and doing soon. I've got to have lots of dresses, mother, for the visits." "Yes." It was a vague little syllable. "Just pass me that bag, please, and I'll show you some samples." Mrs. Varick handled the samples listlessly.

The Varicks were not without worldly goods, but commencement had pulled on their resources. She had hoped that she and

"Aren't they delectable?" Lorraine interrupted her mother's reflections. "And they aren't expensive. I shall have Miss Briggs in to do them. She can follow ideas perfectly."

AFTER the first enthusiasm of the home-A coming had burned itself out, there followed a period pleasant to none of the Varicks.

The mother, half-shy and elusive, held Lorraine at arm's length and was heart-broken at the ease with which she accom-plished it. Her husband was hardly more

happy.
One night Willson came upon Lorraine sitting alone and morose on the moonlit

sitting arous piazza.

"What's up, sis?"

"I wish you'd tell me. I haven't been within shouting distance of mother since the night we came."

"I think they're both scared of us. And they're a little hurt. I imagine they have of life."

maybe they're a little hurt. I imagine they feel left behind in our scheme of life." "Well, in a way, aren't they? Isn't that development?"

"It's selfishness, if you ask me."
"Willson!"

"Willson!"
"You remember father's early ambition—law? He would have been a wonder at it, too. But his father needed him, and he came back here and took the farm. And mother married him just the same—loyal old mother! They've made an enviable record,

"Am I to make a deduction?" Lorraine's

voice was sharp.

"They're our parents, Lorrie, and they've given us the best of everything so far, and I can't see that we're making a legitimate

Willson left her abruptly without knowing that he had touched the soft pedal of her nature. As she sat there musing, the moon-light seemed to reveal eyes,—her mother's gentle eyes,—and she visioned hands with-

gentle eyes,—and she visioned hands withered and gnarled with toil for her, and
shoulders patiently bent.

"How right Willson is!" she said contritely. "I've had my eyes fixed on my own
warped little self!"

In the morning she looked up from a letter,
her eyes wonder-filled.

"People!" she cried. "I've been offered a

position in Miss Duane's school! It's the very last word in exclusiveness. French and German! Mother, dad, isn't it heav—?" She stopped suddenly, stung to silence by memory. This was not in line with her last-

memory. This was not in line with her last-night plans.
Willson, reading her distress, turned to his father. "We've all summer in which to ad-mire Lorraine. I have on my seven-league boots, and I want you to take me over the form."

They went off together, arms linked.
"Hay's fine," Mr. Varick said. "Good cash crop. But," he added anxiously, "the oats are diseased—smut. See! Here's an affected

He was warming to Willson's unfeigned

interest.

"Potatoes won't be very profitable this year. Blight." year. Bight."
Willson pondered, "Can't something be done for this land, father?" he asked abruptly. "Couldn't you try some of the new methods?"

methods?"
"I guess—I ought to," Mr. Varick replied slowly. "I'm afraid I'm not very progressive, but it's mighty easy, son, to follow the groove your father has made. I don't know but I'm too old to change now."
Willson detected the discouragement in his father's voice

Wilson detected the discouragement in his father's voice.
"Dad," he said impulsively, "let me in with you. I don't want that position with the paper company. Let's run this farm together."
"Given you a carper for this? I'd like it how."

gether."
"Give up a career for this? I'd like it, boy, but I'm not that selfish."
"But I want to. And, besides, there's a big future for us right here. You can be the practical end of the firm, and I'll advance the theory. I might run down to the university for some lectures."

For a memorat Mr. Varich heritatic in the control of the property of the self-the se

For a moment Mr. Varick hesitated, and then he held out his trembling, browned

hand.

Meanwhile Lorraine was absorbed with letter-writing, "I have already accepted the position of daughter in the household of my parents," she wrote, declining the offered

position.

After supper she started for Sunset Hill with a box under her arm. At the top she found Willson. She flushed. She had wanted

to be alone.

"Come on over here," he called. "I want to tell you something."

"You aren't going to do it," she said decisively after Willson had told her his plan. "You're going to have a chance at a career. Besides, it's uncalled for. I'm going to stay at home next year. I have turned down Miss Duane's offer."

"You haven't!"

Miss Duane's offer."

"You haven't!"

"I decided to stay last night. Poor leftbehind, lonesome dad and mother!"

"But it's unnecessary! I want to stay.
I've always wanted to own land. But it's
different with you. You like teas and clothes
and things, and you're going to have them."

"If you think you can corner all the unselfishness in the Varick family, you're very
nicely mistaken."

Loranie's pretty, mouth was set in a

nicety mistaken."

*Lorraine's pretty mouth was set in a straight line and her eyes met his steadily.

"We stay together, then. And I don't mind telling you you're a mighty good sort."

An emotional crisis threatened them.

"What's in the box?" Willson asked by way of diverting it.

of diverting it.

Lorraine flushed hotly. "It's my sacredto-the-memory box," she said honestly.
"Just some letters and invitations and samples and things; I brought them up to look
over for the last time."

For a few minutes Willson did not speak,
and she was grateful for the pause. She

and she was grateful for the pause. She looked away at the sunset through misty

looked away at the sunset through misty eyes.

"Let's make them take that trip to Minnesota they've dreamed of so long," Willson said at last.

"And we'll cut out our visits."

"Why, of course; and, Lorraine, let's have the crowd here for part of August!"

Lorraine flinched.

He went on, "With all the help boarded in the tenements the work in the house can't be so very hard, and we'll make mother have a woman to help. Let's, Lorrie!"

WHEN the sunset colors had faded they went down the darkening hill together a little exalted, a little tremulous, and very

happy.
In the early morning Lorraine went to the in the early morning Lorraine went to the city. Her mother put some money in her hand as she left the house.

"But I don't need it, dear," she protested.
"I have a lot here that I earned tutoring."
"Take it," Mrs. Varick insisted. "It's a

little egg money. It will buy you that extra dress and the silk stockings." Lorraine bent swiftly and kissed her mother's cheek. "You're too indulgent," she

mother's cheek. "You're too indulgent," she chided softly.

Later, when she counted it she had to fight back her tears. She knew that the fifty dollars represented luxuries denied and willing sacrifice.

But when she came back at night she was redient. She displayed her purchases with

radiant. She displayed her purchases with

her quivering shoulders served to weaken

r quivering shoulders served.
r disapproval.
"Where are your things?" she asked.
"There aren't going to be any," Lorraine

"There aren't going to be any," Lorraine laughed.
"But your visits!"
"Nary a visit," she said. "And here is your money. I didn't need it. It will help pay for your trip in the fall. After I've given dad the expensive hug I brought him, will some kind friend lead me to support?" friend lead me to supper?



When Lorraine came back at night she was radiant and displayed her purchases with jubilant skill

jubilant skill. Slowly it was borne in upon Mrs. Varick that all the laces and dimities, silks and shoes, were for her alone, and the knowledge frightened her a little.

"And here are the laces and ribbons for the boudoir caps!" Lorraine cried. "I guess, if the old haycocks out in the fields can wear them, the only mother I've got in all the

them, the only mother I've got in all the world can, too."
"Lorraine!"

"Isn't this old blue silk lovely? It was disgracefully cheap. With your graying hair it's perfect, mother! Isn't she a beauty,

Mrs. Varick had herself in hand now, though the folds of the silk still draped over

After the evening meal Mrs. Varick crept away by herself to let the tears come as they would. Her years of training in self-immolation had made her a shy receiver of gifts. Lorraine searched her out finally and told her that she had decided to stay at home

the coming year.

"Of course," Lorraine said when her mother objected, "if you want to shove me out in the cold world, I suppose I'll have to

out in the cold world, I suppose I'll nave to go, but I think it would be pretty unfriendly."

The mother gave in reluctantly, timid under the throbbing joy that had come to her. But the proposal of the house party that Willson made later was one sensation too many in an already sensational day.

"They can't come," Mrs. Varick declared.
"Why, mother!" Mr. Varick exclaimed.
"With your reputation for hospitality! Of course they can come!"

"But we don't live as they do," she ob-

jected.
"They'll love it!" Lorraine was trying

hard to believe what she said.
"There's nothing to do here."
"Nothing to do! With picnics and boating, tramping and corn roasts, and candy making on rainy evenings with the log fire lighted!"

"Why, if you think they would enjoy it—"

"Why, if you think they would enjoy it—
"Come on, Willson, let's get the letters off tonight!" Lorraine cried. "How many can we take care of," she paused to ask.

"A dozen, if they double up."
"Hurry up, brother."

THE days that followed were filled with stimulating action. Miss Briggs, charged with the current of Lorraine's enthusiasm, was doing wonders with Mrs. Varick's clothes, and somewhere both she and Mr. Varick had dropped years from their shoulders.

shoulders.

On the day when their guests were to arrive Willson and his father drove over in two roomy carriages. Mr. Varick had wanted to put on his new serge suit.

"Khaki for yours, Mr. Vanity," Lorraine ordered decidedly, "and for Willson, too. We haven't the yachts and automobiles and ashionable surroundings that they're according to the surrounding that they're according to the surrounding that they're according the surroundings. dashionable surroundings that they're accustomed to. We're just plain country people, and we aren't going to make the blunder of trying to be anything else. If they don't like it, they can turn their aristocratic little backs and move on."

Lorraine's social bravery had strengthmed rapidly.

ened rapidly.

"I'm afraid we should have had dinner at night," Mrs. Varick said with worry in her

night," Mrs. Varick said with worry in her voice.

"Nonsense! If my ice-cold salad and your incomparable biscuits and fresh berries and honey aren't appreciated, I'll be surprised." They drove up gayly. Mr. Varick had by his side the prettiest girl, next to Lorraine, that Mrs. Varick had ever seen. They were chatting like old comrades.

It was Madeline Masters; and as Lorraine presented her to her mother the girl looked for a long instant into Mrs. Varick's eyes,—mother eyes, of which she had not even a faint memory,—and then, impulsively, she took her into her strong, young arms.

After that no one waited to be presented. Mrs. Varick, her cheeks rosy, found her hands being held by two young men.
"I'm that forward girl's brother," Bedford Masters explained. "She always was a monopolist. We act like barbarians, don't we? But we're happy, that's why. Please don't send us home."

Suddenly Mrs. Varick felt deliciously young—like one of them. They were not to be feared; they were big children to be fed and spoiled and loved.

After supper, they all sat on the piazza in the dusk and talked. Later they sang the old songs that the elder Varicks loved and could join in.

Mr. and Mrs. Varick went in early.

Mr. and Mrs. Varick went in early. Mr. and Mrs. Varick went in early.

"It's the nicest house party I ever attended," Bedford Masters said as they rose.

"Silly!" his sister scoffed. "This isn't a house party; it's a home party. You never went to one before."

The twins sought their father and mother.

"Aren't they nice?" Lorraine demanded, as she kissed them.

Mrs. Varick clutched her husband's hand as they went up the stairs.

as they went up the stairs.

'Were there ever two such children?" she

whispered.
"Never," came almost before the words were out of her mouth. "But truth compels me admit that they have some close seconds."

Lorraine drew her brother into the shad-

"Aren't dad and mother perfect?"

"And then so much more that it would take all night to tell it," he replied with

conviction. conviction.

"And aren't you happy, blessed? Tomorrow I'm going to empty my old sacred-to-the-memory box. I'm living in the present now, the sacred present!"

"And have you thought how much more surely these friends are our friends now that they have seen up here?"

She nodded thoughtfully. "And to think that I dreaded their coming, Willson! I was a

craven little coward. And now it's so perfect
—so much more than I deserve!"
Foreseeing an emotional cloud-burst.
Wilson put his arm across her shoulders and led her, dewey-eyed, back to their friends.

"If I Were Banished to a Desert Island—"

Third Prize Letter Contest

Richmond, Missouri. January 18, 1927.

Editor, The Youth's Companion:

Editor, The Youth's Companion:

Several years ago my brother and I happened to be discussing the merits of the newspapers and magazines we read regularly. "If you were banished to a desert island for a year, and could read only one paper," he asked finally, "which would you choose?"

Of course he thought I would want the big daily from our nearest city, as it ranked among the six best newspapers in the United States. But I decided, and my brother agreed with me, that The Youth's Companion would serve better than anything else we knew. Its

The Youth's Companion would serve better than anything else we knew. Its stories would furnish the absorbing entertainment we desired, and the news items would keep us in touch with current affairs, so that we could come out at the end of the year not more than a week behind the rest of the world. Also, the puzzles would keep our minds sharp, the little spiritual talks could take the place of the preacher's sermons, and the articles on

health might to a certain degree answer

for the family physician.

Neither of us ever applied this test, but we continued to read the "Youths-com" as we called it. In school and but we continued to read the "Youths-com," as we called it. In school and high school I found my most congenial friends were also readers of The Com-panion. In college, I used to slip into the periodical room, after classes on Thursday, to read and feel at home again for an hour or two. Today I still like The Youth's Companion. My younger brother and sister in high school clip the current-event items for their notebooks and

event items for their notebooks and devour the fiction in the approved bookworm fashion. They are also interested in the Lab, which seems to interested in the Lab, which seems to be under excellent direction, and in the girls' pages. It is a splendid thing to provide such opportunities, and to stimulate the interest that is being shown. I hope The Youth's Companion lives to pass its second century milestone, and as much longer as there are young people left in the world to need it.

BLANCHE FILE

John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

By EARL REEVES

This is the story of the man who refused to be merely the richest young man in the world.

But first let us go back and sketch his background. In the Pennsylvania mountains, three hundred years ago, lived red-skinned Indians who taught white men lesson that has advanced our civilization.

HIS is the story of the man who refused

mountains, three hundred years ago, lived red-skinned Indians who taught white men a lesson that has advanced our civilization immeasurably. Explorers who carried the flag of France into an unbroken wilderness discovered these Indians and learned from them of a new wonder of the New World. They took the word back with them to the stockade settlements of Canada, and thence it drifted back to Europe.

Blunt, English-speaking soldiers marched inland from the Atlantic a little later, and they also learned this secret of the hills, but they did not know what to do with it. At last, Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia selected a tall youth, of phenomenal strength to lead a mission into those hills to warn the French that they must remain in Canada. This young man was shown strange springs in the hill country through which he passed. He saw Indians skimming the glistening surface of these springs with gourds and even with feathers. They refined this skimmed liquid crudely, by heating it. The result was an oil, used by the red men to give heat and light and to make gums for various purposes, even for ointments.

That young man—as you may have guessed, because this trip of his is in the history books—was George Washington. But the books do not mention the fact that he was possibly the first great owner of oil lands. When he had become a wealthy man he bought vast tracts of these Pennsylvania hill lands, part of which, containing what he called "a burning spring," was mentioned in his will.

called "a burning spring," was mentioned in his will.

He knew, when he made his will, that this oil was valuable, but he did not know how to utilize it. Washington had been buried for fifty years before a satisfactory method was discovered and patented for refining crude oil skimmed from surface waters, or drained oil skimmed from surface waters, or drained into trenches. Ten more years passed before men learned to bore into the ground for oil. Out of these early beginnings rose the romance of oil, which is still an unfinished tale, yet one that touches directly the lives of each of us.

Been with me while I sketch a little more

of each of us.

Bear with me while I sketch a little more of the "background." Among the Huguenots who fled from France late in the seventeenth century was the family of Rochefeuille (which means "rock-lear"). They fled to Coblenz on the Rhine. From the Rhine, in 1720, Johann Rockefeller—note the new form of his name—emigrated to New Jersey. His great-great-grandson is John D. Rockefeller, Sr., who put order and system and scientific processes into the first wild scramble for oil. The world knows much about him. About his son, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., less is known. He is the subject of this article.

The father was born a farm boy in Tiga

The father was born a farm boy in Tioga County, N. Y., in 1839. His first earnings were from raising a brood of young turkeys. He dug potatoes for thirty-five cents a day. At eighteen he went into business as a com-At eighteen he went into business as a commission merchant in Cleveland; and when he was twenty Edwin Drake went into the same district where George Washington had discovered oil springs. Drake determined to improve upon the Indian method of skimming oil from the surface of the water. He drilled a well sixty-nine feet deep and struck oil

oil.

Then came the scramble of which I spoke. Lured by dreams of quick riches, men fought their way through the mountains. They carried drilling machinery and food in saddle bags and on their backs. Frontier towns sprang up and boomed into feverish activity. Many of them died quickly when oil wells went dry. Crude oil sold at times for \$16.a barrel, and at other times for ten cents.

ror \$10.a barrel, and at other times for ten cents.

This craze had run its course for three hectic years when John D. Rockefeller, Sr., turned oil refiner. In 1865, when he was twenty-six, he bought for \$72,500 the firm in which he was a partner and reorganized it as Rockefeller & Andrews. When he was thirty-one (this was early in the Presidency of General Grant) he organized the Standard Oil Company of Ohio, with a capital of one million dollars.

On January 29, 1874, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was born in Cleveland, son of a millionaire in days when millionaires were few. But he was not trained in a way that you might expect for a boy born with a silver spoon in his mouth. The millions piled up and up, but they did not topple over on young John Rockefeller. In the Rockefeller household

were rewards in pennies and nickels, and also fines. John's reward for violin practice was five cents an hour. His pay, when he was big enough to work about the Cleveland estate, was the same as that of any day laborer—fifteen cents an hour, or a dollar and a half a day. He was expected to earn every cent of it, too.

Long before that however, when he was

every cent of it, too.

Long before that, however, when he was but eight years old, his father had tied up almost all the oil business of the country into a single, \$75,000,000 package—the Standard Oil Trust—and had become one of the nation's multi-millionaires.

In our imaginations such a man is harassed by the desire to make more millions and is enmeshed in the drive of a gigantic



Photographs from Kayston

business machine; he is a stranger, almost, to his family. The elder John Rockefeller was no such type. He saw much of young John, because he spent two or three after noons each week at home, pottering about his estate and directing improvements, or driving behind fast trotting horses or riding a bicycle. From his father the boy learned a lesson in conservation of time and energy. At the height of his career the oil magnate directed thirty-three companies, which con-At the height of his career the oil magnate directed thirty-three companies, which controlled four fifths of the oil business of the United States; he was a part owner in many railways and business enterprises. And yet he had leisure, because he managed this veritable empire through what experts have

teaching. And John continued to have summers on the Cleveland estate. Consider it: A winter on Fifth Avenue, which we associate with the utmost of luxury; a summer spent cracking stones for a wall, splitting, sawing and cording tough oak—tough work for any man—at fifteen cents an hour.

He was one of the richest boys in the world even then, but he steadfastly refused to know it.

"I always walked to and from school," he told me; "never thought of doing anything else. I did not go away from home to prep school, as so many boys do today.
"I did not take part in sports. For a long while I didn't even take much part in play.

.. \$73,875,457.37

forward to. I read it regularly and recall it as being remarkably well written and ably edited.

"It was not long before I discovered that I would have to break myself of my diffidence. Some of my efforts, I tell you, seemed almost tragic at the time. I can smile at them now, though they were not at all funny then.

"As a young boy I went to dancing

funny then.

"As a young boy I went to dancing school, because my mother thought dancing lessons a training for the body. She believed I'd learn to handle myself better for being taught the steps, but she did not at time approve of social dancing; so I did not go until later to dances with the other boys and girls of my acquaintance.

go until later to dances with the other boys and girls of my acquaintance.

"School work I did not find at all easy. I had to work hard for what I got. When I failed to prepare Monday's lessons on Saturday, I used to get up early Monday morning to study. No school work was done on Sunday in father's house. None is done on Sunday in eather shows.

Sunday in father's house. None is done on Sunday in our home now.

"I had a little glass clock which showed the hands clearly when there was a light behind it. This I'd hang before a gas jet, turning the light low. And there I'd lie, awakening every once in a while to peek at that clock for fear I'd oversleep. It was a bad thing, of course. I wouldn't get anything like a proper sleep for a growing boy. But my lessons did not come easily, and I was determined that I would do as well as I could.

my lessons did not come easily, and I was determined that I would do as well as I could.

"I came to have a few intimate friends in time, though never many. One was Everett Colby. He was a natural public speaker, as his father had been before him. In those days we had elocution in school. But my memory wasn't good. I couldn't commit things to memory then, any more than I can now. And getting up before people to speak a piece seemed to be, for me, a physical impossibility. My teachers recognized this, and let me off this part of my work. Nevertheless, my friend kept after me to come and speak before a newsboys' club in which he was interested. Why, every time he spoke of it I was nearly frightened to death.

"Finally I decided I must cure myself of this fear. I spent weeks working up a speech, writing down the main points on a card. I went over and over it, locking myself in my room and standing before my mirror. I still have that card. Then, one day, I told him I would come down and speak to the newsboys.

"What? Do you mean it? I don't believe

newsboys.
"'What? Do you mean it? I don't believe

"What? Do you mean it? I don't believe you,' he said.

"But I did go down there and make that speech, and to my amazement I didn't fail. I was afraid, of course. But I had some stories sprinkled in, and to my surprise the boys laughed and applauded and let me go all the way through it—every word I had practiced before my mirror. But it was not easy, and it is not easy for me to make a speech today."

After school was over, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., went to Brown University.

"I belonged to a fraternity," he said, "but there were no chapter houses in those days. Each fraternity tried to keep its meeting-place secret from the others. Ours was in a loft building down town."

As a Brown student, John did not get up in the small hours of the morning to study. Most of his studying he did at night. He insists that he did more work than the average boy, because he had to do so to pass with creditable grades. Again and again he emphasized to me, in telling about his boyhood, that he had no brilliance, and that he had to drive himself to master his studies.

"And sometimes," he said, "when I had worked long and hard, and still did not get good grades, I did not like it. I felt that I had done the best I could possibly do, and some credit ought to be given me for that."

There you have a picture of the young man who was called "the richest boy in the world," or "the son of American dollar royalty." But there was no royal road to learning for him, and he refused to play in any particular the part of a rich man's son.

He made no attempt to specialize in college or to take any business studies. Since many boys do not readily see around the corner into manhood, and cannot visualize exactly what they want to do when they are fully grown, I asked some questions intended to bring out Mr. Rockefeller's boyhood ambitions.

"My course was always clear," he said. "Father and I never had to discuss it. I was you,' he said.
"But I did go down there and make that

tended to bring out Mr. Kockerener's boy-hood ambitions.

"My course was always clear," he said.
"Father and I never had to discuss it. I was the only son. It was understood that, if I was any good at all, I would help him in his office.

"When I graduated, I thought of the law

THE PRINCIPAL ROCKEFELLER GIFTS Value of securities con-tributed.....

Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research

Rockefeller Foundation

Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial

Purpose Established by John D. Rockefeller in memory of his mother

International Education Board

General Education Board

Purpose
Established by John D. Rockefeller for "the promotion of education within the United States of America without distinction of race, sex or creed" Value of securities contributed..........\$129,197,960.00

called "the most perfect business machine ever devised by man."

When young John was ten, the family moved into a Fifth Avenue house in New York. But the move did not change the tone of the family life, which remained essentially simple, frugal and dominated by Biblical

I was painfully bashful and retiring—afraid to mix in. I was the only boy in a family of girls. As a family we had been very much together and had lived much to ourselves.

"I had read The Youth's Companion regularly. It came into our home for years, and its arrival was an event to be looked.

and its arrival was an event to be looked

school as a preparation for business, and there were some young men I knew who were going to round out their education with a trip round the world. They wanted me to go too, and I could have gone. But I decided that I could not afford the time either for law study or for travel. There was so much

law study or for travel. There was so much for me to learn, and father was then nearing sixty. So I came directly into the office.

"First I went into the bookkeeping department and tried to learn bookkeeping. I had a book on common law, and I struggled through that, in lieu of law school. I did what little I could and sat in at conferences

through that, in heu of law school. I did what little I could and sat in at conferences and business meetings, listening and learning much from my father's business representatives, to one of whom in particular, Mr. F. T. Gales, I shall always be under obligation for his unfailing consideration and helpfulness.

"I supposed when starting that I would be coached, that father would have older employees instructed to guide me. But, as far as I could discover, he did nothing of the sort, leaving me to my own resources. Gradually, in conference with my associates, I began to act on my own. I was never empowered to do so. Nothing was ever said. But I made decisions and signed agreements, always without specific authority. If father had asked me by what authority I acted, or why, I could only have said: "Why, I thought you would have wanted it done that way.' However, he never said anything."

This is the way the richest man in the

anything."

This is the way the richest man in the world went into business. I think he has never told about it for publication before. Two years after entering his father's office, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was twenty-five years old. His father then retired and

five years old. His father then retired and began building his country place near Tarrytown, N. Y.

No one knows to what extent, precisely, the younger Rockefeller has been the dominating force in the management of the Rockefeller fortune during the period of its greatest growth—that is, since Mr. John D. Rockefeller's retirement in 1899. In these twenty-eight years, Henry Ford and others have perfected the automobile and inaugurated the new Age of Oil. According to his older associates, John D. Rockefeller has not been inside his downtown office since 1899. However, he had an office in his home, and the retirement which he undertook on advice from his physician never behome, and the retirement which he under-took on advice from his physician never be-came complete. Actually, both Rockefellers have managed the world's greatest fortune. Many people think there has never been a closer father-and-son relationship than has existed between these two.

existed between these two.

How great is this fortune?

Certain associates have denied that Mr.

Rockefeller was ever "the world's first
billionaire." Others declare that, if the

Rockefellers had reinvested all their money, instead of giving so much away, the fortune today would be more than two billions. Henry Ford recently refused an offer of one billion for his automobile properties, and some economists estimate his total fortune

is one billion, two hundred million dollars. There is a difference between the Rocke-

is one billion, two hundred million dollars. There is a difference between the Rocke-feller and the Ford fortunes. Ford owns all the properties in which he is interested. But John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who is now the chief owner of the Rockefeller estate, is only a shareholder in the Standard Oil Companies. It is expression to learn that in Companies. It is surprising to learn that in none of the Standard Oil companies or subsidiaries is the Rockefeller interest as

subsidiaries is the Rockefeller interest as much as twenty-five per cent.
Equally surprising is a statement of this man whose present wealth is about six hundred millions, and who has had a hand in giving away almost as much money as that.
"I did not pick this job," he says.
No. He did not want to be the richest man in the world. This responsibility was thrust upon him. Having a very modest opinion of his own ability, he has shared it with able associates, in whose selection he has been most fortunate. has been most fortunate.

In his business life and home life, the younger Rockefeller is regarded as being full of new and different ideas. Some years ago he startled and even alarmed old-line capitalists by declaring that "the only

sound industrial policy is one which, when human considerations demand it, subor-dinates profits to welfare." He gave it as his belief that "labor and capital are part-

Furthermore, he dared to prove his belief.
There was a period when the name of Rocke-There was a period when the name of Rockefeller was a red flag of hatred in Colorado. There were strike riotings and killings. He put on overalls and went into mines and collieries and mills to find out what the workingman was thinking. Some of the men were thinking that the Rockefellers were oppressors, and even threatening to "shoot John D. Rockefeller, Jr., down like a dog." He told them that he and his father had received no profits out of their Colorado holdings for fourteen years; and before he left there was evolved a new labor policy that came to be widely copied throughout the country. Later this concern introduced the eight-hour day into the steel industry, the eight-hour day into the steel industry, and after some years the United States Steel Corporation followed its example. Old-fashioned leaders in the business and industrial world found the younger Rockefeller to be a liberal—a leader in good new things.

Nor is he true to the millionaire type in his home and family life.

He drove horses until motor traffic took the joy out of it in the city. Not so long ago it was reported that he owned three automobiles—none expensive, and two of them well worn. Allowances for his children began

mobiles—none expensive, and two of them well worn. Allowances for his children began on a scale counted in pennies and have been increased only as the children have demonstrated their ability to use wisely the sums put at their disposal. There is no miserliness in the life of this family, but wastefulness is looked upon as a sort of crime.

"I have told my boys," Mr. Rockefeller said to me, "that, if they want to go to college to work, I shall be glad for them to go. I do not demand that they be brilliant students; I do not know if they can be, since I know very well I was not. But I tell them that if they go I expect them to do the very best they can, honestly and sincerely trying.

"But if they look upon college merely as an opportunity to have a good time, to live for four years in luxury and pleasure—if that is their idea, I think they had better not go to college, but should get to work as soon as they can. We understand each other, I believe. One boy is at Princeton, and one at Dartmouth. They decided where their turn comes."

While taking his boys on a trip last summer, he asked newspaper photographers not to photograph them. He was trying to pro-

While taking his boys on a trip last summer, he asked newspaper photographers not ophotograph them. He was trying to protect them against some of the handicaps of great wealth. His responsibilities include a share (he would call it a small share, and I leave it at that) in managing one of the world's greatest industries. He has a share in the direction of the biggest philanthropic movements ever set in motion by man. His father, in younger years, was superintendmovements ever set in motion by man. His father, in younger years, was superintendent of a Sunday school; John D. Rockefeller, Jr., follows a similar religious bent and for years conducted a men's Bible Class. In support of various phases of the work of the Baptist Church, with which they are affiliated, father and son have given almost twenty million dollars. The younger man has a long list of duties and interests, but I guess that he feels most keenly the responsibility of being a good father to his five sons. Of the five, only one has so far shown an interest in specialization. The youngest, eleven years old, wants to be a scientist. At his summer home in Maine he collected two hundred specimens of insects, and during

hundred specimens of insects, and during the past winter he has studied at the Mu-seum of Natural History until he knows the Latin names of more than a hundred of his

"Father," he said, "I hope the other boys will be able to give you all the help you need downtown, because I want to be a biologist"

gist."

But only John D. Rockefeller, Jr., knows how much help he is going to need.

He is comparatively young—only fifty-three, and looks forty. He may give away a lot more of this wealth which lay almost untouched under Washington's burning spring.

THE ALL-TIME ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

THE winning letter, out of a huge bundle, was written by John S. Campbell, Jr., of Cadiz, Ohio. Campbell not only chose a good team, in the opinion of the judges, but he also showed appreciation of the fact that a star team is much more than a group of eleven star players. This was Walter Camp's doctrine, and Campbell's letter would have surely pleased that famous coach and critic. The letter follows:

Cadiz, Ohio, January 27, 1927.

Cadiz, Ohio,
January 27, 1927.

Many stars previous to the past decade might not fill star rôles in the open type of play. Likewise, many of the later men might not have functioned well in the old closed and massed attacks. We cannot surmise that earlier men could do this or that thing now required. One does not win games on surmises. So the following men have been chosen because their play in their time would mark them as dangerous in any system.

Fundamentally, the demands on a center trio have not changed greatly. Offensively and defensively, greater forwards than Heffelfinger (Yale), Schultz (Michigan) and Hare (Pennsylvania) have not been seen.

For tackles and ends, I logically select moderns. Weir (Nebraska) and Henry (Washington & Jefferson) are my choice at tackles; for wing men, the incomparable Muller (California) and the terrific Hanson (Syracuse). Muller was a stellar linesman and also a serious backfield threat. Hanson's blocking and tackling were devastating, and he was most capable offensively.

Eckersall (Chicago) did all things at quarter, and did them well. He would handle punts for our team, and would share the various types of kicking with Muller.

Heston (Michigan) and Coy (Yale) are the juggernauts. They ran over and through mass defenses, and the only time taken out for them was to untangle their unfortunate tacklers. The chief gunner of the modern attack is Oberlander (Dartmouth), a superb passer and accurate blocker. He, with

Heston and Coy, would present a fast and sturdy secondary defense. Let a coach mould these men as rhythmically as a poet builds a verse, and you would have a thinking mention of improperation.

ing machine of immense power.

JOHN S. CAMPBELL, JR.

Hardly less interesting than Campbell's team is the composite Youth's Companion team, chosen by majority vote of all the competitors. Football fans in twenty states and two provinces of Canada sent in teams.

COMPOSITE ALL-AMERICA ALL-TIME FOOTBALL TEAMS

FIRST TEAM

Osterhaan (Mich.)
Hinkey (Yale)
Wickhorst (Annapolis)
Fish (Harvard)
Heffelfinger (Yale)
Hare (Pa.)
Schultz (Mich.)
Eckersoll (Chicago)
Heston (Mich.)
Grange (Ill.)
Joesting (Minn.) Ends Tackles Guards Center Quarterback Halfbacks Fullback

SECOND TEAM Ends

ND TEAM
Muller (Calif.)
Shevlin (Yale)
Weir (Neb.)
DeWitt (Princeton)
Connaughton (Georgetown)
Hess (Ohio S.)
Boerringer (N. D.)
Friedman (Mich.)
Baker (Northwestern)
Thorpe (Carlisle)
Coy (Yale) Tackles Guards Center Quarterback Halfbacks

Nerve vs. Nerves

By JONATHAN BROOKS Illustrated by George Avison

CTOBER and November Saturdays are glorious days! College bands, snake dances, yell leaders, chalk lines, pretty co-eds, drop-kicks, end runs, fur coats, bright-colored ribbons—all these blend to form the picture days of football. The picture days are the days we remember, looking backward, and anticipate, looking into the future.

But there are other days in football, days

But there are other days in football, days outside the gridiron season proper, which form the props for the vivid autumn picture. These are the days of spring training. Fiction is not ordinarily written of spring training days. They lack romance, color, snap and dash. No cheer leaders, no bands, no great crowde of rooters wrome the other. no great crowds of rooters, urge on the athlete during spring training. His work is dull. He plods and grinds unendingly to no applause, and to no accompaniment save his own thoughts and the harsh words of his

"No, no, Byers, not that way," yelled Head Coach Phillips, of the Jordan varsity football squad. "Are you playing tag with that tackle, or do you really want to take him out?"

Jimmy said nothing, for one does not find

easy replies to the sarcasm of a coach.
"Well, then, hit him," snapped Phillips, as if Jimmy had answered. "Don't just touch him and slide past. Hit him—turn him in. So your ball carrier can run past tackle, not into him."

And then the offtackle formation was





These are the days of spring training

called again, and Jimmy, lining up at quarterback, once more essayed to crash the tackle in toward center, so that his half-back, big Les Moore, could slice past for a

back, big Les Moore, could slice past for a gain.

"Moore, Moore, if you're gona take three or four steps before booting 'at old ball," Phillips wailed during punting practice, "you might as well go on and walk around the block. Too late to kick, then. Three or four steps means givin' them the ball, for they'll block it. Here, look—snap, one, two, and on the two you boot! See? Now, try it again."

Whereupon the sturdy-legged Les Moore renewed his efforts to get away long, high spiral punts with more speed and fewer steps. He kicked and booted for half an hour, until his right foot felt like fifty pounds of lead and wondered whether he was making any improvement. The reason he did not find out was that Coach Phillips had trans-

any improvement. The reason he dud not find out was that Coach Phillips had transferred his attention to the ends, running down the field under the kicks.

"Armstrong, playin' ring-around-arosy?" yelled Phillips at Billy Armstrong, third of the three musketeers of Lockerbie Hall and Jordan's freshman class. "Run past your man, turn around, and sneak up behind him, hey? Thought it was a long kick? Well, why didn't you look up to see if it was? Don't expect Moore to kick seventy yards, every time. Or any time. Stop, look—then cut in and tackle, see?"

And so it went, hour after hour, and day after day, for a long gruelling month. Philips, a keen, sarcastic type, drove his squadhard. Always a driving taskmaster, he redoubled his efforts this spring because he saw bright prospects ahead for Jordan in the fall.

In cold weather and warm, rain, snow and sunshine, he labored with his squad from the middle of March to the middle of April, drivmiddle of March to the middle of April, driving, coaxing, begging, encouraging, and always teaching. He hammered and hammered on fundamental little things which, taken together, make up the big things that is football. Jimmy Byers worked six afternoons learning to strike a tackle with his right hip as well as he naturally struck with his left. Les Moore labored the whole month trying to perfect a quicker kick to the point where it was automatic and habitual. Billy Armstrong ran his long legs off down the field under punts, and then when he felt he could run no more put in some time catching for-ward passes in full stride. And as they worked, so did all the others in the squad of

worked, so did all the others in the squad of fifty boys.

Incentive? None, except to develop personal ability, and prepare to hold up the honor of Jordan on the gridiron the next fall. Tackling practice, charging, blocking, signal work, actual scrimmage followed each other in steady rotation. Every man did his booth that the way harder the preguse best, but it was hard—the harder because every man's opponent was his friend. And yet they were all rivals, too, striving for places on the eleven.

places on the eleven.

Before the month of intensive work ended, nerves were on edge, keen tempers were jagged and rough. The boys worried and struggled all afternoon, and fretted in off hours because they felt they were getting nowhere. Coach Phillips struggled, worried and fretted all afternoon, but smiled to himself in off hours. Lordon he figured was go.

and fretted all afternoon, but smiled to himself in off hours. Jordan, he figured, was going somewhere in football.

There you have in a nutshell the spring football situation at Jordan. Cracking the nutshell and taking out the goodies, we find Jimmy Byers and his story. Jimmy, a halfback at Lockerbie Hall, had shifted to quarterback on reporting for the freshman squad at Jordan. He had figured that his 160 pounds might give him a chance at quarter, whereas at halfback he would be lost in biguniversity competition. He won the regular quarterback job on the freshman first team, and attracted the attention of the varsity coach by his heady work in scrimmage against the varsity.

coach by his heady work in scriminage against the varsity.

"You can clean up that job," Les and Billy assured him when they reported for spring training with the varsity squad.

"Wilkins graduates. Mulkern, his sub, is

no use."
"Maybe, but he's a senior," said Jimmy.
"Had two years to get ready, besides his freshman year."
"You should worry; go get 'at old quarterbackin' job," they said.
"Well, you men better promote yourselves," Jim grinned. "You'll have a handful apiece. If we could all get across—"
"Oh, boy!" exclaimed the other two, in unison.

unison.

Jimmy reported and buckled into his work with a will. He labored hard to pick up and master all the points shot at him by Phillips, although he sometimes felt resentful of the constant stream of sarcasm and criticism. It seemed to him that Phillips must figure him hopeless, and he said so, to his buddies.

"Rats: he uses you most of

his buddies.

"Rats; he uses you most of the time in signals and scrimmage, instead of Mulkern," they reassured him. "If he didn't count on you, he wouldn't be wasting his time with you, see?"

Limmy returned to his task

with you, see?"

Jimmy returned to his task
with renewed spirit, and
seemed to be clinching the position as
quarterback. Then, in the middle of the
training season, Dory Hawkins appeared
as candidate for the same job, and Jimmy's
real battle began. Hawkins, by his very
appearance, would have scared out a less
courageous candidate than Jim Byers, for he
stood five feet eleven, weighed 180 pounds,
and looked the picture of the superperfect
quarterback. He had subbed one year under
the brilliant Wilkins, and then dropped out quarterback. He had subbed one year under the brilliant Wilkins, and then dropped out of school. Enthusiastic alumni persuaded him to return, so that he might play quarter on the varsity and fill the gap caused by the graduation of Wilkins. They knew nothing of Jim Byers. Neither did Hawkins, who took it for granted he had the job as quarter-back sewed up.

"Well, here I am, coach," Hawkins an-nounced, expecting Phillips to fall on his neck for joy.

neck for joy.
"Get in shape to play," Phillips said. "I

can use you."

Hawkins worked out a few days, and then Hawkins worked out a few days, and then began to yearn for a place in the lineup. But Phillips kept him waiting, and continued using Jimmy on his first-string eleven trying out plays. Hawkins became impatient. He ignored Mulkern, but he saw Jimmy constantly working at quarter.

"Huh, you're the rhiny," he sneered at Jimmy, meeting him on the way from the gym to the field one afternoon, "I've got to beat out of a job, hey?"

"If you want to play quarter," Jimmy grinned.

"That's what I'm gona play," snapped Hawkins, aggressively.

"Help yourself," said Jim.

Now, Coach Phillips, like every wise coach in modern football, knew the value of coach in modern football, knew the value of having not one but two or three men ready to play any position. He rejoiced that Hawkins was available, and after making the big fellow wait long enough to take some of the cocksureness out of him began using him part of the time. He had his own notion as to the respective merits of Byers and Hawkins, but he kept his opinion to himself and began planning for the fall campaign on the basis of two quarterbacks instead of one.

For all Jimmy and Hawkins knew, they were fighthing it out for the job as first-string

were fighting it out for the job as first-string quarterback, and they made a fine battle of it. In every part of quarterback play in which weight helps, Hawkins had the advanwhich weight helps, Hawkins had the advan-tage. He took in tackles more effectively and when running interference was more sure of putting out his man. Long-striding, and stoutly built, he was a hard man to bring down when tackled, but Jimmy was almost as speedy afoot, and somewhat shiftier. Hawkins threw the long forward pass beauti-fully and pursted fairly well. But he was not



"Yellow, quit crawlin'!" exclaimed Hawkins, angrily. At the same moment he swung a hard-clenched fist at Jimmy's head

short-passing game that must be worked with the long passes, and his punting ability did not count in his struggle with Jim, because both Les Moore and Babcock, another varsity back, were far better punters. And Jimmy, thanks to his skill in basketball, was no slouch at the forward-passing job.

Both tackled well, as safety men, with Hawkins holding a slight edge because he hit harder. Catching punts, both were good. Running them back, Jimmy had a craftier dodging sense to pit against the big fellow's greater speed. In short, the two seemed evenly matched in everything that could be measured in spring training, this despite the greater weight and speed of Dory Hawkins.

It is easy to compare the two boys on

greater weight and speed of Dory Hawkins. It is easy to compare the two boys on paper, but the tests through which they battled, side by side yet against each other, were far from easy. Day after day, hour after hour, they struggled, each to show himself a better man than the other. Pace by pace, they fought to show their abilities, and the battle told on tired nervous systems. Coach Phillips gave no hint of his preference, but held them in competition, whetting them for keener and better work on the varsity. Two good quarterbacks, instead of possibly one who would be passable, stood before him. He rejoiced.

"Brains, temperament, nerve," he

"Brains, temperament, nerve," he thought. "These will decide. But it will take games to tell. Still, I wish I knew which one is the mea!" is the man!

And then, as the training season drew to a

close with the increasing warmth of the spring days, he found out where the balance weighed. His discovery came with the climax of the feud, bitter but unspoken, between

of the feud, bitter but unspoken, between his two quarterbacks.
"Ends and tackles over here," called Phillips, opening practice. "We'll practice going down under punts. Moore and Babcock, punting. Byers and Hawkins, down to receive the kicks. Heydon, go down to block for them. All right, let's go."

Moore and Babcock alternated, punting, and Jimmy and the husky Hawkins took

turns in receiving the punts. Each, with the stubby Heydon blocking off the nearest man, tried to run back the ball. With four men coming down the field, each under orders to make the tackle, and only one blocker, it is strenuous work for the receiver. At best, the quarterback has his task cut out for him. Punt-catching in a game re-quires more concentrated, crystallized nerve

quires more concentrated, crystallized nerve than any duty in football.

The safety man dares not take his eyes from the soaring pigskin. He must stand stockstill, if it is coming to him, or on exactly the spot where it will come down, and get there unerringly, to snatch the leather and be away with it. Fumbles are taboo. And the safety man knows that while he yet, the safety man knows that, while he eyes the ball, from one to half a dozen men may be set to crash him down the instant he gets his hands on the leather. It is a situation

gets his hands on the leather. It is a situation to try the courage and imagination of the stoutest-hearted athlete.

Dory Hawkins, big and strong, poised for each catch as if he had no idea of being tackled. He seemed as calm as he would be on receiving a piece of custard pie across the dinner table. Standing still and relaxed, the vital element in his job seemed never to occur to him. Once he had the ball, he swung into stride and took the humps as they into stride, and took the bumps as

came.

But Jimmy Byers, smaller and less able to withstand the buffetings of ends and tackles, commanded no such indifference. Even when the ball came directly to him, he

fidgeted nervously. He did a jigstep with his feet and swung his arms. He gave the impression of fright, or at least of uncertainty. Once he had his hands on the ball, this impression dissolved, for he invariably dashed with precision. But the contrast between him and Hawkins was very marked. Hawkins, standing behind Jimmy at ease when it was Jimmy's turn to take the punt, laughed. "Say, what you dancin' for?" he asked, roughly. "Scared? All nerves, hey?"

But the ball was coming, and so were two tackles and two ends. Jimmy could pay no attention to the raucous comment from the rear. He fidgeted and danced while the ball descended in a great arc and then, as it

rear. He fidgeted and danced while the ball descended in a great arc and then, as it tunked into the pocket he made of his arms and chest, he did a quick double shuffle with his feet and was off. An end and a tackle came at him from either side, closing in quickly like a pair of pincers. Like a flash, Jimmy sprinted straight up the field, between them, hoping by a burst of speed to escape. Luckily, he did so, leaving the hapless forwards to crash together and go down in a heap with Heydon, his blocker.

Instead of blaming the ends and tackles for letting him get away, Coach Phillips turned his attention to Hawkins. He had heard the big fellow's words, from his position midway between the punters and the safety men.

turned his attention to Hawkins. He had heard the big fellow's words, from his position midway between the punters and the safety men.

"What's the idea, Hawkins?" he asked, walking toward him. "Think Byers is yellow, do you?"

"Oh, well, it looks like it," said Hawkins, wishing he had not been overheard. "Fidgets around there under the ball. Nerves, I guess." Of a sudden he assumed an air of superiority. "These kids get excited, I guess," he added, with an effort at charity. "You should worry about the kids," said Phillips, "before you hold up your end. Haven't seen you showing up this boy, yet." "Aw, now—" Hawkins began.

"Here, if you think this kid's scared, you go up there and come down under the next kick. See if he's scared of you. How's that?"

Coach Phillips suddenly decided to make a sharp test of the two boys in real competition, and the rash remarks of Dory Hawkins justified it. He sent Hawkins up the field, and told Jimmy to receive the next kick. But he told him nothing more, not did he say anything to Heydon, blocking. He called up the field to Billy Armstrong to come down under the punt at one end, with Hawkins on the other, the two to come without tackles. Then he took up a position to one side of Jimmy Byers.

Jimmy, under orders, did not question the move. It was just another punt to catch, with him. But Hawkins, angry over having been caught by the coach in the act of razzing his rival, smarted. Put on his mettle, he decided to show the coach, and show up Jim Byers at the same time. He crouched for a sprinter's start. Back went the ball to Les Moore, punting, and he was off flying. So, opposite him, was Billy Armstrong. Les Moore smelled a mouse and tried to place his kick, sending it to Billy's side of the field. Tunk! came the report of his shoe crashing the pigskin, and in the next stride Billy and Hawkins both cast fleeting glances over their shoulders to sight the ball's course. Billy held straight ahead. Hawkins swerved, to cross the field.

his shoe crashing the pigskin, and in the next stride Billy and Hawkins both cast fleeting glances over their shoulders to sight the ball's course. Billy held straight ahead. Hawkins swerved, to cross the field.

Jimmy scurried across to meet the ball and set himself to catch it. Heydon knew Armstrong as a faster man than Hawkins, and saw he had a shorter run. He shot up to cut down Billy. Hawkins put on speed, and came at Jimmy flying. Jim fidgeted, shuffled his feet and, as the ball came down, did his little double shuffle again. He hooked the ball, and dug in his toes for a dash straight ahead. But he encountered Billy, who had jumped over Heydon when Heydon dived at him. Quickly he dodged to the right, and, smash! he encountered a long, hard flying tackle by the heavy Hawkins.

Down they went in a rolling heap, but Jim kept driving with his feet. Almost the instant he hit the ground, he was moving again, for Hawkins had hit him hard but failed to pin him with his arms.

"Yellow quit crawlin'!" exclaimed Haw-

again, for Hawkins had hit him hard but failed to pin him with his arms.
"Yellow, quit crawlin'!" exclaimed Hawkins, angrily, and at the same moment swung a hard-clenched fist at Jimmy's head. His fist bounced off Jim's headgear and did not hurt him, although he did drive Jimmy's head against the sod. Then a young avalanche hit him and knocked him rolling off Breers and to enseide.

off Byers and to one side.

"Can the dirty work," came a voice. It was that of Billy Armstrong. He had dived at the pair as he saw Hawkins flailing with his fist. He jerked at Hawkins to pull him

"Let him alone, Bill," said Jimmy, drop-ng the ball and rising. "I'll take care of "Let him alone, Bill," said Jimmy, Gropping the ball and rising. "I'll take care of him, myself." He walked resolutely at the bigger chap and put up his hands, intending to hit him. But he recovered control of his temper in time and dropped his fists. "Yellow, I said," muttered Hawkins. "Here, here, here!" yelled Coach Phillips, coming over on the run. "No fighting!

What's the row?" he demanded of Billy.
"This big stiff slugged Byers when he
was down, sir," said Billy.
"And I said he was yellow," muttered

Hawkins.
"Still think so?" snapped Phillips, trying

to repress a smile.

"Aw, lookut the way he fidgets and shakes when the ball's comin' to him," growled

Hawkins, sick over the turn in events. "Nerves, I said."
"There is no nerve where are no nerves," pronounced Phillips, quietly. "Say, boy," he turned to Jimmy, "are you nervous when the ball's coming at you? Were you scared of Hawking?"

Hawkins?"
"Sure," and Jimmy grinned. "Yeah, but I guess I managed to get over it."

"That," said Phillips, "is courage, Haw-kins. How do you prove courage, unless there is something to fear? Takes nerve to

overcome nerves, see?"

For the remaining three days of spring training, Jim Byers worked at quarterback in all the signal and formation trials. His defeat of nervousness proved his biggest

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS. CHAPTER 4.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS. CHAPTER 4.

T was eight o'clock when Ann laid her weary head upon her shoes. It was midnight when she waked suddenly. She stretched out her arms and felt hard and dusty boards instead of smooth sheets. She had all her clothes on, and she felt uncomfortable and unclean. Before her eyes, instead of three square windows looking out into the moonlight or starlight, was a single low aperture opening into an enclosed space which was first dark, then faintly illuminated by a flash of light.

She had had a dream, and it seemed to her that it was a reality and this moment was a

that it was a reality and this moment was a dream. In the McClure attic beside the sewing-machine there was an old couch; she believed that she went there, sleepy and frightened, and found Bob McClure sitting there. When she asked him to give her an inch or two to rest on, he looked at her with

there. When she asked him to give her an inch or two to rest on, he looked at her with indignation.

This was so unlike the usual behavior of Bob that she sat up. She was still on the floor inside the cubby-hole door. She did not remember that she had closed the door, which now was open. The four tiny windows admitted a silvery gleam; the moon must be high in the sky. The flashing light came again and again, as though it were the Fourth of July and some one were sending up rockets. A confused murmur penetrated the tightly closed attic; there were shouts and groans and now and then a scream. Only the moving of the cannon could make that heavy rumbling. There was the trampling of horses, and the tramp of marching men.

Hearing still other sounds, Ann slowly moved her hands toward each other and clasped them tight against her breast. Near at hand was loud breathing, the dull snore of a man lying on his back. A faint voice said, "Suppose we'll get out of this?" And a voice answered, "Not if you can't keep quiet." Instantly Ann began to slide toward the door of the cubby-hole. There were soldiers in this low, dark space! She did not stop to decide whether they were Confederates or

door of the cubby-hole. I here were soldiers in this low, dark space! She did not stop to decide whether they were Confederates or Union soldiers. She pushed herself toward the door. The door had been opened; in this airless place it could not have blown shut. Moreover, some one had stepped across her to open it!

Moreover, some one had stepped across her to open it!

She slid, still sitting, out into the attic. The moon shone in horizontally as the sun had shone at its setting; she saw the tracks on the dusty floor. They looked to her frightened eyes like the tracks of fifty men. She shifted her position so that she could creep on hands and knees. In a moment the moon would set and darkness be upon her. There was another yellow flash, and then another. She touched the door of the closet which opened into the McClure attic. She could not shake off the memory of her dream; Bob might be lying asleep on the old couch! She rose painfully, pressing her hand to her heart—perhaps the soldiers could hear its throbbing; perhaps they were awaiting the moment of her escape to seize her; perhaps even now they were stepping across the floor. Perhaps there were soldiers in the McClure attic. But it was not probable; access to the Longport attic was easy, but the McClure attic could be reached only through the living rooms of the family. Why were the soldiers here? Did heave men by from battle

the living rooms of the family. Why were the soldiers here? Did brave men fly from battle into an attic? Confederates were brave. Could these,—she lifted her hand to her forehead,—could these be Union soldiers, her own men?

The uncomfortable sleeper snored sud-The uncomfortable sleeper snored suddenly with fearful violence, and, as though impelled automatically by the strident sound, she opened the door and stepped into the black space. Here was the gap in the wall, and at her feet the gap in the floor down which one might slip and break one's leg. She moved slowly past it, clinging to the broken wall, and knelt where she had knelt to spy on Bob. It was only a few days ago, but it seemed years and years.

Contrasted with the closet, the McClure attic was bright. The windows were large.

contrasted with the closet, the Michigan attic was bright. The windows were large, and as the room was used as a workroom they were kept clean. She could see a gleam on the steel of the sewing-machine, the dim

Sewing Susie

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

Illustrated by GAYLE HOSKINS



The door to the closet had opened, and a man stood there. They saw first his blue suit with gold decorations, then his haggard, unshaven face

outlines of the old couch. There was the flash

outlines of the old couch. There was the flash of a rocket—unmistakably a figure lay upon the couch! There was another flash—the figure lying face downward was tall and young. There was a third flash—she saw a mop of blond and curly hair.

She opened the door and awaited another flash. Bob's face was hidden on his folded arms, but it was Bob. She began to cry, the tears running down her cheeks. She made no sound, she had no impulse to sob; it was as though at last a full cup ran over. Unable to stand, she sat down and began to slide her way across the floor. The attic was broad, the couch far away. When at last she reached it, she sat motionless. After a long time it, she sat motionless. After a long time she put out her hand and touched Bob's

coat.
"Bob!" she whispered. There was no answer. "Bob!" she said again.

Still there was no answer. Terrified, she rose to her knees and bent her head close to his body. His heart was beating; she could hear the soft, natural, muffled thud. She sank back and laid her head on the edge of the couch, her hand clutching the hem of his

"Bob!" she said. But this was no summons to wake; it was a sigh of peace and safety. She meant to sit here until he waked, but in a second she lay on the floor, her hands folded under her cheek. There was a rug before the old couch-how different from boards!

IT was not long before the rockets paled against a sky growing faintly gray, and soon they ceased to show at all. Cannon rumbled on, men marched, horses tramped and neighed. Before surrise thousands of newcomers joined their comrades, who sprang from uneasy sleep to cook their breakfasts.

The Court House clock across the street.

breakfasts.

The Court House clock across the street struck six and seven and eight and nine and ten. There was less noise; it seemed as though all were ready and the troops waited the word of command. In the McClure attic no one stirred, and no one came thither. Sunshine streamed in, flies buzzed, vague sounds penetrated, unidentified by the two sleepers, the one on the couch, the other on the floor.

At twelve o'clock Ann opened her eyes and, looking up, found Bob bending over the couch and looking down.

"Ann!" he cried sharply. "Ann!"

Of all her acquaintances he alone never addressed her by her full name. Sitting up, his feet tucked under him, he stared as though he could not believe his eyes.

Ann sat up also. She rubbed her eyes and smiled, then the tears began to run down her cheeks. Bob flushed scarlet—Ann in a melting mood was a new creature.

"How did you get here?"

"I've been in the attic all night," she answered, copying his whisper. "I was helping Uncle Chris, and they took him away."

"I'm locked in," said Bob. The Court House clock across the street

Ann was about to say, "Did your mother lock you in?" but she caught herself in time and said instead, "Did the rebels lock you in?"

"Yes. Some Union officers asked me to take them to the roof and point out Round Top and Culp's Hill, and we were caught. They were captured, I was locked up. Our men were beaten, they ran through the town like wild." Anxiety and fright may have an effect even on a boy; Bob bent his head to his knees.

Hearing a footstep, Ann reached up her hand and laid it on his wrist. At the same time she looked sharply round. "Bob! Look!"

Bob lifted his head. The door to the closet had opened, and a man stood there; they saw first his blue suit with gold decorations, saw first his blue suit with gold decorations, then his haggard, unshaven face, then his finger laid on his lips and his wild, beseeching eyes. The three regarded one another, Ann cross-legged on the floor, Bob cross-legged on the couch, the officer in the doorway.

"Are you alone?" the officer asked in a whisner.

whisper. "Yes."

"Yes."

"Are you for the Union?"

"Of course!" With painful effort Ann struggled to her feet and sat on the couch, and Bob stretched out his cramped legs. Barefooted, the officer crossed the room.

"What are you doing here?"

"We're caught," explained Ann. "We can't get out."

"We're caught too. Can I trust your honor?"

Ann straightened her shoulders. Bob smiled, seeing the proud motion and a twinkle in the officer's eye.

"Of course you can trust our honor!" de-clared Ann.
"There are fourteen Union soldiers over

there."

"Where I slept?"

"Where you slept. We thought you were a Union soldier, then a rebel; then we struck a match and saw a girl. We didn't know what had become of you. There's been no battle this morning, but there will be this afternoon out in that direction." The officer waved his hand toward the back windows. "We can do nothing but wait till night; then we must get away. It's death or Andersonville Prison if we don't. We must get back to our own troops. We want to know about the streets and alleys and backyards."

"The streets are full of men," said Ann. "We know that," answered the officer grimly.

grimly.

It seemed to Ann suddenly that there was no room for her heart in her body, and she stood up to give it space to beat. At once, swaying and deathly pale, she sat down.

"What's the matter?" asked Bob. "Ann!

"She needs to lie down," said the officer.
"I'm hungry," said Ann.
The officer went softly across the floor and into the Longport attic. He came back with a

"Eat slowly."

Ann sat propped against the wall. The biscuit was hardtack, but she had never tasted anything so good. There was a biscuit also for Bob.

"I'm going back," said the officer. "I don't like to be near these big windows. When she feels better, you come over and show me out those dusty windows which is the best way to go."

the best way to go."
"Will you walk right down into the street?" asked Ann.
The officer nodded. "After dark we'll try

it. And if you have a chance to get out, you'd better go. They won't hurt children." Again Ann's tired shoulders straightened.

Again Ann's tired shoulders straightened.
"We're not children!"
"I'm old enough to guide you," said Bob.
"I beg your pardon," said the stranger, smiling. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings.
You'd better try to get out before night. If we only had a disguise—you couldn't get any women's dresses of large size, I suppose?"
Bob shook his head. "Can't get down."
""O___"

A hardly audible sound suggested a foot-step. The officer moved backward, and the



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door closed. Ann ceased to chew her hard-

door closed. Ann ceased to chew her hardtack.

"A mouse," said Bob.

Ann resumed her chewing; the hardtack
took a long time to prepare for swallowing.
The Court House clock struck one. She
looked about, up at the ceiling, down at the
floor, at the sewing-machine. There her eyes
remained fixed. Hanging by its sleeve was
the shirt upon which Bob had been working
when she surprised him, and which he had
abandoned unfinished. It had a queer
human look, amusing yet pathetic. Seeing
the direction of her stare, Bob flushed crimson. He had thought Ann changed, but she
was not changed; in a minute she would giggle and talk about Sewing Susie.

"Bob!" whispered Ann.
He did not answer.

"Bob!" whispered Ann.
He did not answer.
"Bob!" whispered Ann.
Still he did not answer, nor did Ann speak
to him again. She sat with her hands pressed
to her cheeks, her black eyes shining. The tips
of her fingers covered her mouth; one could
not tell whether she was amused or scornful.
"What do you want?" Bob asked at last,

"What do you want?" Bob asked at last, gruffly.

Now Ann did not answer. The sun blazed, the heat was almost intolerable, the flies buzzed. Outside all was quiet; except the odor of cooking, there was nothing to show that there was human life. Ann hid her eyes. "Are you crying?" asked Bob.

Ann pressed her fingers deeper into her eyes. She saw the shirt hanging by one sleeve in a queer, awkward, amusing, pathetic way; she saw a flowered wrapper hanging by one sleeve in the same way; she saw Aunt Prudence, as tall as a man masquerading in women's clothes, a basket on her arm, her black face hidden in a sunbonnet. She slipped off the couch.

"Where are you going?" asked Bob.

Ann turned and looked down.

"I have a plan," she whispered.

"What is it?"

"Stay here," ordered Ann. Her eyes met his, and a red tide swept her face.

"Where are you going?"

his, and a red tide swept her face.

"Where are you going?"

BOB caught at her dress, but she slipped away. He started to follow, and she fiercely motioned him back. She stepped inside the closet and opened the opposite door and stepped into the Longport attic. On the floor at the far end sat a group of men huddling round the door of the cubby-hole as though to take refuge there at the slightest alarm. Indeed, they were already sliding toward it. The officer lifted his head like a startled animal. His eyes burned; she could see them shine through the gloom. She waved her hand in a gesture intended to be reassuring; then she slid over toward the gaping head of the stairs. The light from the window shone upon her, and she turned and laid her finger on her lips. The stairway was a black pit; she sat on the upper step and slipped to the next, then to the next.

The soldiers looked at one another aghast. One motioned with a back-turned thumb toward the cubby-hole; others shook their heads. Afterwards they did not move, but sat gazing at the stairway down which Ann had vanished.

The clock struck two; its reverberation shook the attic, but Ann had not returned. The officer took a silver watch from his pocket and held it out toward the light—it was now half past. There was still no Ann, no sound. He rose and moved down the long room to the stairway and there lay on the floor and looked over. A faint creak was followed by a dim illumination of his face, as though at the bottom of the pit a door had opened. There were faint sounds as of some one creeping. He slid back, moving on his stomach. The vague sounds came nearer; a girl's head rose above the floor, then a pair of hands supporting a long, flat, dark object.

The object was laid upon the floor, and the bearer vanished. The officer put out his hand and felt of it. Was it a bale of cloth? There was the noise of ascent, a similar object appeared; there was again the noise of descent, and now appeared below the head of hair a dim face, a green gingham dress, a pair of

even in the dim light. She held it up; it was a woman's wrapper, long, enormous. She lifted from the basket a black slatted sunbonnet. She pointed to the objects on the floor; they were bolts of goods, one black wool, one dark blue gingham.

"Angel!" said he.

slid her way cross the room and Ann slid her way cross the room and pushed basket and wrapper into the closet; then she came back and fetched the bolts of cloth. She opened the door into the McClure attic. The half-finished shirt had been removed from the machine; moreover, the lid had been put on, a tightly-fitting wooden box. Bob sat on the old lounge watching the door. He looked relieved, then amazed.

Ann crossed the room and laid the bolts of goods on the couch. From the pockets she took

"Please!" begged Ann.

H IS furious look changed to one of despair; he walked across to the machine, opened a drawer and took out a large pair of scissors. He lifted the wrapper and began to cut it to pieces, to Ann's eyes ruthlessly. She stood appalled.

"Oh, Bob! It would disguise one soldier anyhow! Oh, don't!"

"What do you suppose I'm doing?" Bob's



"Bit your tongue, did you?" Bob asked before the echoes died away. "Serves you right.

spools of thread and a package of needles.
"I didn't know if you had thread and needles."

'Thread and needles!" cried Bob, for "Thread and needles!" cried Bob, forgetting all caution. He felt a hand over his mouth. He removed it firmly. "Thread and needles!" he repeated in a lower but no less outraged tone. "What have I to do with thread and needles?"

"If they had a disguise they could escape."

"What disguise could they cost?"

"What disguise could they get?"
"Wrappers," answered Ann sweetly.
"Like Aunt Prudence. They could go through
the alleys toward the Long Lane."
"You mean you'll get wrappers in the
store?"

Ann looked the other way.

Ann looked the other way.

"Uncle Chris has only one. But there's plenty of goods, and you could make big wrappers!"

"I make wrappers! I'll do nothing of the

"You can save the soldiers' lives. If they get back to their regiment, they may even turn the tide of battle."

turn the tide of battle."
"I'll do nothing of the kind," repeated Bob. "I'll never sew another stitch while I live, and besides"—his tone was triumphant—"I have no pattern."
Ann slipped to the door. Returning she brought the gorgeous wrapper, its brilliant tones more brilliant in the sun. She repeated an exclamation which had been music to her ears. "Angel!"
The sound was not music to Bob's ears.

ears. "Angel!"
The sound was not music to Bob's ears.
He glared; his chin quivered. He looked this way and that. He shook his head like an impatient horse; he swallowed angrily.

effort to snarl in a whisper produced a queer sound. "Don't you know anything about sewing?"

enort to snar! in a whisper produced a queer sound. "Don't you know anything about sewing?"

A light came into Ann's eyes.
"You're cutting it into a pattern! I see! You're going to lay it down on the goods and cut round it?"

"How smart!" mocked Bob. "How very, very smart!"

"I can thread your needles," offered Ann. Bob lifted the pack and looked at their big bolts contemptuously. "A blind man could do that," he grunted.

The clock struck three. There was still little stir in the streets.

"Go over there and ask whether there's anyone who can sew a seam. Then you carry the things back and forth. You keep 'em out of here. If you give me away, I'll open the windows and have you all captured."

Ann tiptoed away. From the doorway she looked back. Bob knelt on the floor, scissors in hand. His eyes gleamed; he tried the pieces of rose-sprinkled cloth, now this way, now that. He reached up to a drawer and got some pins and put them in his mouth. He looked up and saw Ann grinning, and made a ferocious motion to her to go on. She stood with her pointed tongue between her teeth, grimacing. She pushed the door open. There was a thunderous sound as though the world were bursting apart, and she gave a little jump. Bob looked up from his place on the floor. He took the pins out of his mouth.

"Bit your tongue, did you?" he asked before the echoes died away. "Serves you right!"

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

NOW YOU TELL ONE

original joke ac rom a Companior er \$1 will be paid returned to sender



THE CAUTIOUS SINNER

NELLIE, a small English girl of whom Punch tells us, had been so naughty at the dinner table that she had been banished to her room. Her indulgent mother subsequently sent word to her by the maid that if she were repentant and would promise to be a good girl she might come down for the gudding.

be a good girl sile linguit come activities pudding.
The maid returned without Nellie.
"Did you tell Miss Nellie what I said?" inquired Miss Nellie's mama.
"Yes'm," said the maid.
"Well, what did she say?"
"She said, 'What sort of a pudding is it?'"

A SMALL BOY'S QUANDARY

PACIFISM is not a philosophy that small boys instinctively adhere to. In the youth of the individual as of the race force is the readiest argument. So the youngster who had listened to a talk on kindness to animals

asked:
"What should I do if I saw a boy beating

a dog?"
"Couldn't you persuade him not to?" he was asked.

"If he was my size or smaller, I could," he answered, "but what if he was bigger than I am?"

A DOG'S LIFE

THE handsomely dressed lady brought her ailing dog—probably a Pomeranian—to the veterinarian for diagnosis.

"The dog is too fat and lazy, madam. He doesn't get enough exercise," was the

"Oh, but that can't be," exclaimed the lady. "He gets plenty of exercise. Why, he goes out with me every day, in the motor!"

"ALL OUT THAT'S GETTING OUT"

"ALL OUT THAI'S GETTING OUT"
THE new guard was not familiar with his new railway run in Wales. The train came to a station that rejoiced in the name of Llanfairfechanywillgogerych. For a few minutes, says The Argonaut, the guard stood looking at the signboard in mute helplessness. Then, pointing to the sign and waving his other arm toward the carriages, he called out to the passengers, "If there's anybody there for here, this is it."

HIS HOLIDAYS WERE THREATENED

THE young lady sat on the beach watching the sea. "O George," she exclaimed to the young man by her side, "isn't it splendid? I feel as if I could open my mouth and take it all in"

it all in."

Close by her, says the London Telegraph, was a small boy, who had overheard her. He looked at her with a startled look upon his face. "I say," he remarked in shrill accents, "you won't do it really, will you? I only came down here yesterday!"

BEST OF REASONS

WHY do they call dentists' offices dental

"Because parlor is just another name for drawing-room."

A CONSCIENCE EASILY EASED

A MAN who is in business in New York recently received this letter: "Dear Sir: Five years ago I robbed you of one hundred dollars. I am now filled with remorse. I enclose a dollar and a half to ease my conscience."

A USELESS PRECAUTION

A USELESS PRECAUTION

A CLERGYMAN was having dinner with a parishioner preceding the afternoon service. He ate very sparingly, explaining that he must not eat too hearty a meal before preaching if he was to do himself justice in the pulpit. The housewife was unable to attend the service, so when her husband returned she inquired, "And how was he?" "Oh, well," he replied, wearily, "he might as well have et."

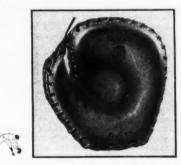
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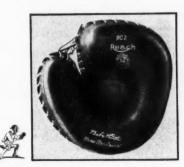
(RF1) A wonderful glove. Made of brown, grain horsehide leather, specially oiled to make it soft, and pliable—and sturdy and lasting. Padded with real felt. Lined and seamed completely with leather. Because of our patented construction, the finger seams can't rip. A hand-formed pocket is already in glove. Long thumb with lacing adjustment to form wider or deeper pocket. Leather laced around the wrist. A great glove, this one—yet it costs only \$5.00.



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Heel is scientifically padded with asbestos and extra quality felt. Only \$5.00 for this master mitt.



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HERE they are—the Babe Ruth Home Run Specials. Designed by the great slugger himself, with his signature on every glove! Made to big league standards. Ample size, regulation horsehide gloves. As far ahead of the familiar cheap-looking "boys" gloves as the Official American League ball is ahead of the old canvas-covered ten-center.

The A. J. Reach Co., makers of the official American League baseball, have through long years of experience, learned how to build catching quality into a glove, so that when a ball hits the glove, it sticks in it. And all Reach gloves are formed to fit the hand perfectly. So these Babe Ruth Home Run Specials will do wonders for your game. More put-outs; fewer errors; cleaner, surer fielding. These are gloves that bring out the best baseball you have in your system. And that's just exactly what you want. Cast your eye over these money-saving beauties. Several models are illustrated.

How to get these marvelous gloves

Your sporting goods dealer probably has the Babe Ruth Home Run Special Line. Look them over. Or, if you can't locate the store carrying these gloves, clip the coupon below and mail it to us. Just mention the glove you need by its letter and number shown in the illustration. You needn't send any money. We'll see that you get your glove right away-and you can pay the mail man when he brings it to you.

Fellows, this is a great opportunity to get a real Big League glove, at a price well below its usual value. If you want to do your stuff on the diamond the way the stars do theirs—then equip yourself as the stars do . . . with a really fine glove. Just clip the coupon, and send it in.

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Many of the film fans have an idea that double exposure is done by drawing a straight line vertically across the camera lens, masking the film on one side of that line and then taking the masked part over again with different action. They believe that line must be straight up and down. But the line may be curved, zigzag, horizontal—or of any shape at all.

Taking Dangerous Chances

I aring Dangerous Chances
In a comedy where two characters are fighting on the ledge of a roof your breath comes in gasps for fear they will fall. And then one of them slips and clings to the ledge with his finger-tips.

Now, really, no sane actor player will take a chance like that. So again you're misled by double exposure work. Which brings us to one of Harold Lloyd's old pictures—"Safety Last."

You go to the movies to see what you see. In reality, you often see what you don't see. And if it were not for this, there wouldn't be any movies. First, run out with me to the Paramount Studios in Hollywood, California, where they are "shooting" one of the most realistic scenes it has ever been my good fortune to witness. We are there now. We step out of the warm California day into one of the "dark" stages. Look. A great Alps mountain set is before you. A terrific blizzard is raging. Director Eric von Stroheim is climbing a precipice, with the driving sleet and snow almost blinding him.

"Kill your lights!" yells the chief electrician. The lights go out, the gale dies down, and the snow subsides. What? You are cold? That can't be, because the door is open and the thermometer registers eighty degrees outside. But there is a thermometer in plain sight that has its mercury hovering at sixteen degrees below zero. It is a trick there

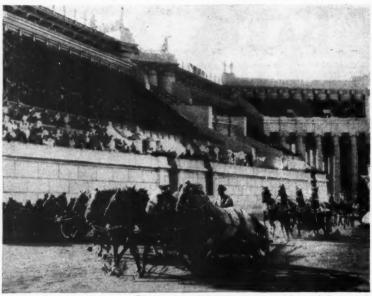
outside. But there is a thermometer in plain sight that has its mercury hovering at sixteen degrees below zero. It is a trick thermometer, of course. Just one of Von's stunts to get his players in the mood for realistic work. It caught you, too. But the air is warm—it is just the setting, and your imagination, that chills you.

How the Movie Camera Works

How the Movie Camera Works
See those great wind machines? They are airplane motors and propellers. They turn at high speed to make the artificial blizzard. One alone would tear anything loose that wasn't set in cement. There are six on this set. In back of each machine is a man holding a bag filled with movie snow,—shredded asbestos,—which on the screen gives every appearance of the real thing. But it is mean stuff to get in your eyes, as Von will tell you. That blanket of white which covers the entire set sparkles as does real snow. But it is merely table salt—thousands and thousands of pounds strewed around, all over the place.

merely table salt—thousands and thousands of pounds strewed around, all over the place. A whistle blows. The airplane propellers, in their protective shields, start grinding again. Von is shooting another scene of "The Wedding March." Come on; let's go!

Outside again we meet a young fellow—Roy Pomeroy. Roy is the greatest magician in all movie-land. In "The Ten Commandments" you saw with your own eyes great walls of water held back while the Chosen People marched through dry shod. Few of you realized that this was a clever double-exposure, accomplished by Roy Pomeroy.



Behind the Scenes in Camera-Land

The Magic of the Movie Camera By FRED GILMAN JOPP

often see are made with special cameras, especially constructed for the purpose. The film speeds past the lens rapidly—that is all. Then again you often see pictures of growing plant. This is what is called "stopmotion" photography. The camera is operated very, very slowly—only one or two

player by counts. At the finish of the scene the same film is rewound and put back in the same camera. He then shifts the mask over to the other side of the lens and rephotographs the player in his other characterization on the opposite side of the film, making his action match up, by the count, with the action on the other side that has already been photographed. All this is extremely difficult to describe. An illustration or two will make it more clear.

difficult to describe. An illustration or two will make it more clear.

The scene is figured out in counts—one, two, three, four, and so on, up the scale—until the action is completed. The player is instructed what to do at the count of twenty, twenty-six, and so on. He speaks at the count of twenty, laughs at twenty-six, looks insulted at thirty and shakes hands with himself at thirty-seven. Record is kept of this count and the actions which occurred at various numbers, so that when the second exposure is made—on the same film—the actions are perfectly synchronized. That is, they are supposed to be. But often a star playing two rôles will get angry a moment too soon or become insulted too late. And the weird results that the director and camera man view on the screen—in their little projection room—cause them to tear their projection room—cause them to tear their hair and rave.

hair and rave.

The most striking instance of perfect timing in double photography that I know of was in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Mary Pickford played two widely varying rôles in

net

one of Harold Lloyd's old pictures—"Safety Last."

You have often wondered exactly how he did it. More death defying stunts were never filmed. Yet Harold's face was right in front of you most of the time, so you couldn't accuse him of using a "double"—a player who looked like him. And when I state that not one single foot of double exposure was used in that entire photoplay, why again you're learning something that was never given out before.

Not one foot of the picture was shot with a trick camera. The regular motion-picture camera was on the job. They did it this way: Harold worked on top of a twelve-story building in downtown Los Angeles. He and the camera man worked out certain angles for the camera that gave the desired effect of sheer drop. And the sets were built in several feet from the edge of the roof—just far enough in to build a false roof edge. That was the only trick. For the camera shot the false roof edge and the street—twelve floors beneath. Harold had about three feet of ledge on which to work. Had he accidently stepped over those three feet he would have toppled off the edge of the real roof and fallen to the street. He took chances that made blasé me gasp for breath. I wouldn't have





steps. Note the violin and the cello, to put It looks like great fun, but making movies f hard work

The water scene was produced in miniature and consisted of a jelly-like substance used to represent the water of the Red Sea held back in perpendicular wall. The Chosen People were photographed out on the desert, then the two exposures were fitted together into a whole into a whole.

into a whole.

The movie camera works on the same principle as your kodak, except that it takes many pictures in the time that your kodak takes one. The little skip after each picture is covered by a shutter which is synchronized to cover the lens during the skips. The human eye is not quick enough to catch these skips as the film speeds through the projection machine, and the illusion of continuous motion is all that appears to your vision. The slower the crank of the camera is turned the faster is the action of the players. And the faster the camera man turns the crank the slower the action. Thus, stunt scenes where a man jumps from a train into

scenes where a man jumps from a train into a speeding motor car are not fast at all—when the picture is made. But, speeded up, the film shows a hurtling train and motor car, and you wonder how he made that dar-

ing jump.
The "slow motion" pictures that you so

exposures being made each day. So when the plant has matured and blossomed only a few feet of film have passed through the camera. But those few feet are crammed full of action

of action.
"Fade-in" and "fade-out" are two very common effects seen on the screen. The figures slowly come into view on a hitherto blank screen. This is done by a gradual admission of light until the lenses are fully open. Fading-out is the reverse process. But today this is also done in the laboratory with chemicals.

Double Exposures

Double Exposures

"Reverse action" is made by running the film backward. Thus a diver may come feet first out of the water and return to the springboard from which he jumped.

Double and triple exposure are effects often used, especially in pictures where one star plays two rôles and often seems to talk and act with herself in the same scene. And it is a tough job for the camera man to line up those stunts properly. He works in the following manner: He blocks out half of his lens, leaving the other half open. During the action he identifies certain actions of the



this picture—the young Lord Fauntleroy and Dearest, his mother. Mary had to pass a chair in which she was sitting and lean over and kiss herself. Suppose you try to do that! The double exposure was accomplished this way: Mary as Dearest was first taken. Then way: Mary as Dearest was first taken. Then a silhouette of her face was cut from card-board, so that it corresponded exactly to Dearest's position. Mary, in perfect timing, kissed those cardboard lips, and later the most perfect double exposure ever made was put on the screen. Many, many picture fans have begged to know how this was done, but Mary refuses to tell them.

worked on that narrow space for all the money in the world. But he got a heart-pounding picture. We will all say he did.

False Perspective
Harold's work in "Safety Last" used what is called false perspective. And it is a favorite trick of camera men nowadays. False perspective is a means of getting depth where there is no depth. For instance, if you want to film a checkerboard floor and make it appear much longer than it really is, you just draw your lines so that the squares taper off obliquely away from the camera.

Inside Your Dog's Mind

T is feeding time. Your dog's tail is wagging eloquently. His bright, questioning eyes

bright, questioning eyes follow your every movement of preparation. He is eager, ingratiating. You set the pan before him—and instantly his manner changes. His tail droops, or is carefully tucked between his legs. He may growl if you touch him. He will certainly early viciously if another tucked between his legs. He may growl if you touch him. He will certainly snarl viciously if another dog approaches him. He has nothing to do after dinner but sleep, yet he is as hurried as a commuter at breakfast. He doesn't save the best bits for the end of the meal, as you and I eat our meat and potato with a thought for the chocolate ice cream. And if you toss him a bone for dessert he is apt to bury it. Why?

Because he is unable to free himself of the shadow of the wild pack. You and I know, when we sit down to dinner, that there is little likelihood of a robber coming to take it from us, reason.

little likelihood of a robber coming to take it from us. We are able to reason; we know that such happenings belong to an outlived past. The dog is a creature of instinct, still closely related to his primitive forebears.

Primitive Instincts

Deep in his subconscious mind there is a memory of another meal. Hunting has not been good. The pack is ravenous, and their ribs are staring. But they have brought down a deer at last, and the fierce leader has buried his fangs in its throat. Now it is every dog for himself. Hunger take the hindmost, and death for him that dare not fight for his piece of flesh.

hindmost, and death for him that dare not fight for his piece of flesh.

Do I mean that your dog has "seen" such a day? No. It is an inherited experience. He "feels" it in his bones. Unluckily, he can't rid himself of the feeling.

For several thousand years, so the sculptured ruins of the East tell us, man and dog have been closely associated. We can surmise that their friendship antedates the earliest records.

surmise that their friendship antedates the earliest records.

Your dog bolts his dinner because instinct says: "You had better clean that pan up before another dog disputes your right to it." He eats the choicest bits first for the same reason. He growls at you because, so far as he knows, you are just a queer kind of dog that walks on its hind legs. He buries his bone because the pack learned that feasts were often followed by fasts. He bays at the moon because it is associated with good hunting in the long ago.

"The Call of the Wild"

"The Call of the Wild"

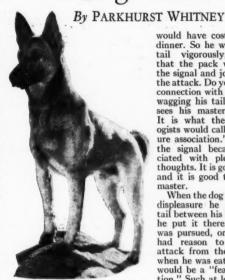
He prefers his comfortable bed behind the kitchen stove to a cold lair in the woods. That is intelligent self-interest. Yet he turns round and round before lying down, because that was the way his ancestors flattened the long grass which was their resting-place. It is true that he thrives on the benefactions of his master and prices in solitude.

long grass which was their resting-place.

It is true that he thrives on the benefactions of his master and pines in solitude. The fact is he was always a social animal. A stray dog looks as miserable as he undoubtedly feels, but two dogs on the loose can have a gay time. The cat walks by herself, as she always did. The dog early learned to pool his interests and obey a wiser and stronger leader. That, most likely, is why he is so adaptable, so easily trained. Running with the pack was training in coöperation.

Why does he roll in carrion? Some naturalists believe that the jackal is his ancestor, and cite this habit as corroborative evidence. Others believe that the wild dog rolled in filth to hide his natural scent from pursuer or pursued, and that the modern dog is again simply a slave of his instincts. Whatever its origin it is a disgusting trait and hard to forgive in an otherwise cleanly animal. I am afraid that his sense of smell, though acute, is deprayed.

Some of his instinctive ways have been diverted into new channels. When he was hunting and the trail was getting warm, a bark



Ranger, German shepherd, is the newest dog star on the motion picture horizon. Most of this breed have timber-wolf ancestry, not many generations back

would have cost him his dinner. So he wagged his tail vigorously, hoping that the pack would see the signal and join him in the attack. Do you see any connection with the act of wagging his tail when he sees his master coming? It is what the psychologists would call a "pleasure association." That is, the signal became associated with pleasureable thoughts. It is good to eat, and it is good to see the master. would have cost him his

master.
When the dog fears your displeasure he tucks his tail between his legs. Once he put it there when he was pursued, or when he had reason to fear an attack from the rear, as when he was eating. That would be a "fear association." Such at least is the

with the art association." Such at least is the theory of its origin, though I have never seen a dog Most of this breed lift ancestry, not rations back

This does not not be noticed, if you have noticed, if you have had the opportunity of watching a dog from day to day, that he depends more on his ears and nose than on his eyes. If you have been away he will not give you the final proof of his affection until he has smelled you. If you see a squirrel that he has overlooked, it will be almost impossible to focus his eyes on it. And I have often stood unobserved, within seventy-five yards of my dogs, until I made a sound or a pronounced movement.

This does not mean that he has defective

a sound or a pronounced movement.

This does not mean that he has defective eyesight. It has, however, a relation to his primitive mentality. A picture of its mother means nothing to a very young baby. Back of the eye there must be a reasoning mind. You have to "know" an airplane before you can really "see" it.

You have to "know" an airplane before you can really "see" it.

Dog Language

Try to hide from your dog when you are in the woods. It is good sport, and good training for him. You can determine to your own satisfaction just what dependence he puts on his nose and what on his eyes.

It is always interesting to speculate on the ability of animals to talk to one another. There is no doubt that they have that ability to a limited degree. The dog is capable of many emotions—love, anger, jealousy, fear, hope, timidity. He can express these with his tail, his eyes, his ears, and especially with his bark. You yourself have noticed, if you own a dog, that his bark at a night noise is not at all like his bark when he sees you preparing for a walk. If you can distinguish between these sounds, it is just as certain that each has its special meaning for his kind.

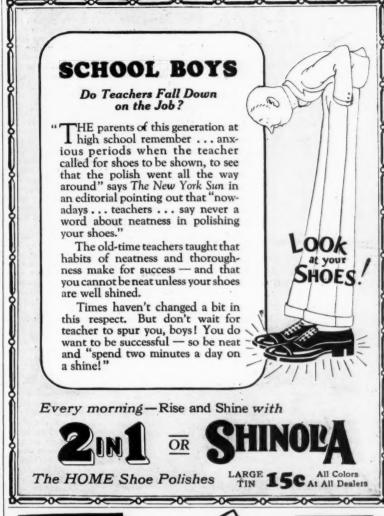
Not long ago I was a witness of communication between two dogs, litter brother and sister. I was taking their dinner to the kennel and as I went up the lane I saw that the female was alone in the runway. Usually, when she sees me she rushes to the gate, puts her paws on a cross-piece and dances a kind of Charleston until her pan is set down. This time she started for the gate, halted, and dashed back to the kennel entrance where her brother was, apparently, sleeping. There she made a curious, low sound. "Woof!" is as close as I can come to

sleeping. There she made a curious, low sound. "Woof!" is as close as I can come to it. But its meaning was clear to me, as it was to the sleeping dog. "Come!" it said. And her brother came a-running.

A Great Achievement

Dogs were probably the first animals tamed and domesticated by man. Originally, of course, dogs were wild beasts. Some scientists think that they are descended from wolves or jackals. For hundreds and hundreds of years now, dogs have faithfully guarded men's homes, herded their flocks, hunted their food, and even drawn their burdens. More than all these things, the dog has been man's most devoted animal friend, returning man's affection in a way that can only turning man's affection in a way that can only be described as human. The domestication of the dog was one of the very greatest achievements of man.

Certainly we who own dogs believe so.



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FACT AND COMMENT

THERE'S nothing on earth that gives you more trouble, and less value for your trouble, than a personal grudge. If you have one, don't feed it; starve it.

DID YOU EVER NOTICE that the man who is always ready to "let George do it" is also seen to be the first to find fault with the way

THE CALIFORNIA LEGISLATURE has selected as the two Californians who shall be commemorated in Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington Junipero Serra and Thomas Starr King. Curiously enough, both were religious leaders. Father Serra was the head of the Roman Catholic order that established religious leaders. Father Serra was the head of the Roman Catholic order that established the famous missions of California, and Starr King was a well-known Unitarian preacher, who is chosen for the yeoman service he performed during the Civil War in holding California firmly to the Union.

A VERY REMARKABLE concrete bridge, some A VERY REMARKABLE concrete bridge, some five miles long, is now being built across Lake Pontchartrain, in order to improve the access to New Orleans from the east. The bridge is thirty feet wide and will contain two great drawbridges through which water craft can pass. If all goes well, the bridge will be open for traffic within a year, and it is estimated that over six hundred thousand motor cars will cross it every year. At present all traffic from the east into New Orleans has to use ferries across Chef Menteur and the Rigolets and is much delayed in consequence.

SUPERHEATED CHINA

THE older readers of The Youth's Companion will remember how in 1911 the world hailed the downfall of the imperial dynasty at Peking and the establishment of a Chinese representative assembly. The Chinese revolution had arrived, we said. Well, sixteen years have passed; China is still in revolution, and, so far as human intelligence can see, it will continue in revolution for years to come. for years to come.

The Nationalists of Canton are carrying

matters with a rush that at first sight seems to promise their early control of the entire country. The Northern leaders seem helpto promise their early control of the entire country. The Northern leaders seem help-less. Either they are making money in some obscure way, by giving way to the Cantonese, or else—and this is more probable—their armies are so honeycombed by the propaganda of the Nationalists, "a united China for the Chinese," that they cannot be depended on to put up any fight against the enemy. If the Southern armies remain united and aggressive, there is no reason why they should not take Peking and so unite the whole country under their banner.

But already there is a conflict among the Nationalists. The radicals and Communists, who are wholly under the influence of the Russian advisers of the Canton government, are demanding that Chiang Kai-shek, the victorious leader of their armies, be ousted, because he is too moderate, too much disposed to preserve what order he can during posed to preserve what order he can during the revolution, too suspicious of and hostile to the subtle intrigues of the soviet repre-sentatives at Canton. We cannot imagine chiang getting out without a fight or giving up his idea of a free Chiana for a dream of a China that is only an appendage to Soviet Russia. Since he has the army with him, the chances favor his success, unless the under-

ground propaganda of Borodin and his colleagues from Moscow has made more head-way among his troops than we realize. But any internal conflict will weaken the Cantonese party and may prevent it from making good its hold on the Chinese nation.

ing good its hold on the Chinese nation.

There are these possibilities in the situation: A wave of Communistic feeling sweeping China into anarchy and bloodshed, that would last for years; the growth of Chiang Kai-shek into a military ruler who can give China at least the appearance of unity; and the break-up of the vast empire into separate the break-up of the vast empire into separate states controlled by this or that party or this or that soldier-dictator. Which thing will happen no one knows. The only thing that is certain is that in any event China will long remain disturbed and uneasy. The people are far less prepared for any Western political device—whether sovietism, republicanism or democracy—than we can easily conceive. They will never settle down until they have answered their own questions in their own way—for the Oriental can be depended on in general to think and act in pretty nearly the general to think and act in pretty nearly the opposite way to that which a European or an American would choose.

an American would choose.

The Western powers may become still further involved in the mess in any one of a half-dozen ways. No nation wants any trouble with or in China, but, as we ourselves learned ten years ago, it is extremely difficult nowadays for any nation to keep out of in-ternational trouble, once it is started. The Chinese revolution, before it is ended, may affect the world far more than seemed pos-sible when it began.

SPRING, with all her charming attractions, brings certain undesirable camp followers in her train. One of them is the mosquito, who will soon be "among those present" at every out-door festivity all the yay up to the Arctic Circle. Until compara tively recent years he, or, to speak more exactly, she, has had matters much her own way; but uninvited guests are usually made, sooner or later, to feel that they are unwel-come, and the mosquito is no exception. Nowadays she no sooner settles upon a seductive swamp or a commodious rain barrel as a fit residence for her future family than an urbane board of health invites her unsuspecting offspring to visit the latest film,

unsuspecting offspring to visit the latest film, entitled "Kerosene, or the Nemesis of the Scum," a really killing affair.

And now a new hint that her room rather than her company is desired is being extended. The Anti-mosquito Association of Massachusetts has invited its little friend Gambusia Affinis to come north from his southern home, to spend the summer where he will be assured of a good time, with free board and lodging, and all the transportation charges paid. charges paid.

Gambusia, it appears, is a fish, and a small Gambusia, it appears, is a fish, and a small one at that, with a low, retreating forehead, not much chin, and buck teeth. He is not impressive, for the largest of his family is only two inches long. But he just naturally dotes on mosquitoers. A mosquito fry means more to him than the annual fish fry of the Grange at Spriggins Beach, and to indulge in his favorite sport he is willing to live in swamps, shallow pools, even pump troughs. He is coming up in companies of thousands, who will travel in tin can Pullmans with perforated tops, and after a summer round

who will travel in tin can Pullmans with perforated tops, and after a summer round of pleasures in the open air will be cared for during the winter in hot-house tanks.

Gambusia is said to be of a lively but amiable disposition—in short, all that a minnow should be. After his active and exciting summer he will probably pass a dull winter, without being allowed to accept even an invitation to a fish ball. The poor fish!

CRAFTSMANSHIP

THE old man had come up from the little city where he had spent most of his life, to the big city, where his married daughter lived. In order that his visit might embrace everything that could interest him, in-law took him to the great industrial

in-law took him to the great industrial exhibition that was then open.

When they had visited or viewed every booth on the main floor, they went down into the basement. There, at the foot of the stairs, the old man stopped, fascinated. Before him was a book-binding machine. Into one gate went the printed sheets, into another the cover material; on a spindle was a great spool of thread, and over a gas flame bubbled a cauldron of glue. From the end of the machine dropped the bound books as fast as one could count them.

The old man watched in silence, and when

his son-in-law looked at him he saw tears rolling down his cheeks. "Why, father," he

his son-in-law looked at him he saw tears rolling down his cheeks. "Why, father," he said, "what is the matter?"

"Matter?" cried the old man. "See what my life has come to! I worked through a long apprenticeship to learn to bind books, and I have spent a long life doing it, and I have had pride in doing it well. It may take me a week to bind a fine book, and here is this machine turning out hundreds of them in an hour. What has my work amounted to?"

That was many years ago. Long since, the old man took his last book from the clamps and laid down his burnishers for the last time. It is doubtful if one of the cheap voland laid down his burnishers for the last time. It is doubtful if one of the cheap volumes that the machine spawned so prodigally and so cheaply on the stream of gaping visitors is now in existence. But on the shelves of libraries in the city where the old man worked, and in other cities, there are books that he bound fifty years ago—books bound in beautiful leathers carefully tanned; books so skillfully sewed that every leaf is still firm, and the whole volume lies passive and flat wherever you open it; books decostill firm, and the whole volume lies passive and flat wherever you open it; books deco-rated with intricate designs in delicate tooling and pure gold leaf. They are the answers to the old man's question—his own children, as it were, doing honor to their father's memory. Could any man ask a better monument?

man ask a better monument?

THIS BU WORLD

A LITTLE SOUTHERN FRIEND A Weekly Summary of Current Events

CHINA AND THE NATIONS

THE Chinese revolution has reached a point where the foreign nations which have interests in that country are in continual difficulty to know just how to act with regard to the situation. At Shanghai there has been singularly little trouble, owing no doubt to Chiang Kai-shek's presence there. At Nanking, Chungking and Hankow, however, the Chinese mobs and even the Cantonese troops have committed outrages against the lives and property of foreigners that have raised serious uneasiness in the tonese troops have committed outrages against the lives and property of foreigners that have raised serious uneasiness in the government offices at Washington, London, Paris and Tokio. The consulates of foreignations at Nanking have been looted and partially destroyed, stores, warehouses and residences belonging to foreigners have met the same fate, and our consul at Nanking accuses Cantonese soldiers of leading the rioting and of deliberately shooting at him and the consuls of Japan and Great Britain. Strong protests and demands for reparation will be presented to the Canton government; whether anything further will be done at present is uncertain, though shots are occasionally exchanged between foreign gunboats along the Yangtse and the bands of excited Chinamen on the shore. The fever of revolution spreads northward. The Cantonese troops are said to be ready to move on Peking, and the old Northern dictator, Chang Tso-lin, shows evidence of being panic-stricken at the collapse of all resistance to their advance. Americans and British residents of Peking are already moving out in anticipation of the fall of the city.

A REMARKABLE AIR JOURNEY

COMMANDER FRANCESCO DE PINEDO, the Italian pilot who has undertaken a journey by airplane across the Atlantic and through the Americas, is proving himself a daring and skillful navigator of the air. He has visited the countries of east-ern South America and the island of Cuba and arrived safely in the United States, which arrived safely in the United States, which he planned to cover from coast to coast. In Arizona his plane was burned, owing to the carelessness of a bystander who set fire to some oil by throwing away a lighted match; but De Pinedo promptly ordered another machine and will continue his flight. De Pinedo has previously made a famous flight of 35,000 miles from Rowse to Japan Australia and miles from Rome to Japan, Australia, and

A MILE IN EIGHTEEN SECONDS

DRIVING his specially designed racing automobile the Mystery S along the beach of Daytona, Florida, Major Segrave, who is an Englishman, attained the extraordinary speed of 203.79 miles an hour. That is more than thirty miles an hour faster than the best previous record and is not far from the highest speeds made by sirvless in soits. the highest speeds made by airplane, in spite of the much greater retardation by friction that an automobile must overcome.

AN AMERICAN KILLED IN MEXICO

OUR relations with Mexico have been still of further irritated by the kidnapping and murder of an American, Edgar M. Wilkins, by a party of Mexican bandits. Although the by a party of Mexican bandits. Although the bandits made a demand for a ransom of \$20,000, Mr. Wilkins's body when found had not been despoiled of the money and other valuables in his pockets, which leads the Mexican governmen to believe that the murder was deliberately planned by the enemies of the present administration in the hope of getting President Calles into further trouble with the United States. Our own government has of course asked for an investigation and reparation for Mr. Wilkins's death.

THE COAL STRIKE

WHEN April first arrived, the union coal miners in the central field, which reaches from western Pennsylvania to Missouri, went out on strike, since no agreement concerning the wage scale had been reached with their employers. Since there is an immense stock of soft coal already on hand, and the non-union mines are capable of supplying a yery large proportion of the natid, and the non-union mines are capable of supplying a very large proportion of the amount of coal used in the country, there will be no immediate shortage of coal. About 150,000 men have come out of the mines; but no previous strike has begun so quietly and with so little evidence of really bad feeling between the operators and the miners.

A CANAL THROUGH NICARAGUA?

A CANAL THROUGH NICARAGUA?

The real reason why our government is so deeply interested in keeping Nicaragua out of the hands of a revolutionary party appears in the news from Washington that President Coolidge is already studying the question of building an oceanic ship canal across that country. We have long held the right to build such a canal, and when the Panama canal was decided on a numerous party of engineers and navy men believed that the Nicaragua route was preferable. Now it is said that the traffic by way of Panama is increasing so fast that in another twenty or twenty-five years the limit will have been reached. The capacity of the Panama canal can be extended by building more locks, for it is at the locks that congestion occurs, but many engineers hold that tion occurs, but many engineers hold that an alternative canal across Nicaragua would be a better solution of the problem. Meanwhile occasional fighting between Liberal and Conservative soldiers is still reported

MISCELLANY

Historic Calendar



May 3, 1759. Miss Pond, English girl, wins horseback championship

SHE couldn't ride, they told this maiden fair, A thousand miles within a thousand hours; She did, with some three hundred hours to spare, And then they simply buried her in flowers. ARTHUR GUITERMAN

THE TEN RIGHTEOUS MEN

The Companion's Religious Article

A BRAHAM could not find the ten righteous men who might have saved Sodom.

Perhaps some of them had gone away for their health after a strenuous season of attending committee meetings and charitable boards. We can be sure if there were half a score of righteous and reputable gentlemen in Sodom they were overworked.

Jane Addams one day sat down at a luncheon in Chicago called to inaugurate a new reform and, looking around the table, said, "The same old bunch; what do we call ourselves today?" Jenkins Lloyd Jones, that militant advocate of a hundred good causes, preparing to follow the same Miss Addams and Julia Lathrop on a platform where they The Companion's Religious Article

were jointly to advocate some new undertaking for human betterment, said, "Here we are again, Jane, Julia, Jenk!"

There may have been a hundred or a thousand men in Sodom who would have signed a petition in favor of almost anything if asked, but when it came to seeking ten who could be counted on for strenuous endeavor to save the city, they could not be found. If it were decided to organize a new society to tip the earth back into a sensible slant upon its axis, instead of letting it wabble at a crazy angle of twenty-three degrees and some odd minutes and seconds, and a general call were sent out to all who were interested to meet in the Town Hall and organize a society, those who came would largely be the same who already belonged to the society to discover the descendants of Abel and give back the land which Cain fenced in after the first unhappy fight between the farmers and the sheep-herders, and these would be also members of the society to prevent another flood and of the organization to prevent the building of any more towers of Babel.

There are too few men and women who feel the burden of the world's need and prepare to assume a generous share of responsibility for it. There are not enough offices to go around, but there are far more positions of responsibility for good causes than there are capable and devoted men and women

og around, but there are far more positions of responsibility for good causes than there are capable and devoted men and women willing to undertake them.

Inalmostevery town or city are to be found a few people who are known as being possessed of public spirit. That number ought to be vastly increased. The great body of men are too willing that Lot and his committee of three shall manage Sodom's philanthropies and missions and hospitals and night schools. Few communities realize philanthropies and missions and hospitals and night schools. Few communities realize how much they owe to the little handful of people of genuine religious leadership and unselfish public spirit. Some Sodoms have actually been saved by their little group of righteous men. But those men were heavily overworked.

"MY DAUGHTER AND I"

(Announcement of Prize-winning Letter from a Father)



IT is hard for a father to express his real love of his daughter. This is a relationship of the spirit, most difficult to express. Many a man attempts it, only to give up in despair. This has proved to be, as we expected, the smallest division of the Family Contest. But every father But every father who put his love into words wrote a remarkable letter.

remarkable letter.

Mary It is evidently the kind of thing that is done well, or not at all. We select for first prize this letter from Arthur W. North.

Walton, NewYork

Walton, NewYork

Here before me as I write is a record that
fixes my first thought of my daughter Mary.
It is from a diary I carried in youth, when I was
camped in Grey Horse Canyon, above the
American River in the Sierra Nevadas. Under
date of July 26, 1893, is this entry: "Nearest to
being lonely that I've ever been." In my mind
as these words were penciled came the radiant
thought: "Perhaps some day I'll have a small
daughter who will like this sort of thing, and
we'll hunt together."

There in my mind was a most vivid picture
of the daughter and only a nebulous idea of her
mother. Indeed, that future member of the
family was at that time a demure little maid of
eight, all unknown to me, some thousands of
miles away.

In June, 1919, the long desired daughter

family was at that time a demure little maid of eight, all unknown to me, some thousands of miles away.

In June, 1919, the long desired daughter entered the household. I had been an old bachelor so long before marriage that I have never been able to approach babics except as I do fine porcelain—with trepidation, lest they break! Therefore daughter and I did not become intimate friends until her second summer. Then the entire family entered the Adirondacks on a week's walking tour, with Mary in a deep basket slung on my shoulders.

The next summer found Mary a valiant pedestrian, ready to do her own three miles per diem, in addition to any number on father's back. We traveled cross-country by long neglected trails, and I thrilled when Mary caught the trail-finding spirit. "Dere's a blaze." was her triumphant cry, putting us aright. That winter she traveled with me into the woods, riding behind the team on the bobs and, in her way, helping to get out the family fuel supply. Another summer found us again on a walking trip, this time from the Fulton Lakes clean

across the Adirondacks, coming out at Keene Valley-We went by easy stages, with noontime naps for the youngsters. Late that August came the moment, gleeful for her and proud for me, when she reached the crest of Mt. Marcy, loftiest summit in New York State. "At three years! Bravo, it's a record!" exclaimed an Alpinist from Turin; and a scientist from Cornell cried: "Great for you, Mary. Great!"

When Mary was six, farm help was short. I was plowing out potatoes with the mechanical digger. "Father, you drive," said she. "I will take a man's place and hold the digger handles." And hold them she did, until I feared she would be exhausted.

That summer we climbed Mt. Marcy again, staying on the rocky crest till late. By the time we entered the dark trail below the dreary site of the old Buckley lumber camp, daughter took my hand, saying, "You see, I am about that age when people are afraid of some things." A few days later, in a secluded thicket, Mary saw her first bear tracks. Frightened? No. She expressed a wish to return in snow time, if some one would accompany her. I volunteered; and so did warm-hearted Uncle Hugh, author, pastor and one time athletic star.

Mary was in earnest. Late that fall we set out into the forestry land. "Worst early snow in

so did warm-hearted Uncle Hugh, author, pastor and one time athletic star.

Mary was in earnest. Late that fall we set out into the forestry land. "Worst early snowin years," said the guides. Father and uncle alternately broke trail, while the little girl followed, alert. We camped, where she suggested, in a hollow that three deer had just vacated. "This winter camping isn't what I thought it would be," she said. We exchanged looks that said, "It is our fault. We ought not to have brought so young a child into such hardships." And then, "It's so much nicer than I dreamed it could be," said Mary.

Last spring her school enjoyed a picnic, and races were held. Forty earnest, funny little kiddies lined up for a dash. They tore along, all in a mass, stumbling and getting into one another's way, and many of them down in a heap. Mary dashed forward; she ran around a squirming heap; she kept flying forward, knees rising high, arms close to her sides. She passed all the girls; she passed all the boys but one. "Father, I caught them all but Walter. Next year I will win."

My thoughts went back years to a day on the distant Berkeley cinder path out by the Golden Gate and to my vain struggle to work out from a pocket in my first 220-yard race. I put my arm around Mary. "Yes, dear. Next time."

I put my arm around Mary. "Yes, dear Next time."

Times have changed, and our young girls must face difficult conditions. Reckoning such changes, I as a father am most anxious to strengthen my daughter against the time when she must confront the world. We are chums. I hope that our frank, devoted good-fellowship may be a strong help to her in the days to come. I am getting my long anticipated companionship with her. May she gain through me an understanding of men that will help her to appraise truly those whom she meets! May our comradeship develop in her those rare qualities that make a sympathetic wife and a mother who understands her sons and holds their highest devotion!

Honorable Mention, for letters of high merit and distinction, is given to "Bert," Strathmore, Calif.; H. E. M., Philadelphia, Pa.; F. Alexander Magoun, Watertown, Mass.; S. H. MacKenzie, Southington, Conn.; J. T. Rue, Monument, Ore.; Charles F. Phy, Philadelphia, Pa.; James L. Ryan, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

WHAT IS YOUR SCORE?

HERE are twenty more questions, which The Companion offers as a test of your general information. Grade yourself and your friends by percentage of correct replies. For instance, twenty correct answers score 100 per cent, ten correct answers score 50 per cent, and so on. Don't consult the answers on page 321 until you have answered the questions:

1. Who founded the Boy Scouts, and in what country?

2. How many guns do naval vessels fire as a salute to the President or the ruler of any foreign country?

3. What country is called the Flowery

Kingdom?

Kingdom?

4. How many players are there on an icehockey team?

5. Who discovered the law of gravitation?

6. Which of these trees, pine, elm, oak, spruce, maple, are hard woods and which are soft woods?

7. Who wrote "Tom Sawyer"?

8. What gem is the resul of secretion from a shellfish?

9. From what plant does linen come?

10. What is an apiary?

11. What Confederate general was nicknamed Stonewall?

11. What Confederate general was inca-named Stonewall?
12. What was the maiden name of Abra-ham Lincoln's wife?
13. How far apart are the goal posts at opposite ends of a football field?
(Continued on page 316)



OU can feel 'em take hold when you skim the bases. Dodge, stop, jump on grass without slipping. These Goodrich Zipps give you all the athletic features of any canvas shoe-all the ankle support-all the life and "spring" of rubber soles-with this wonderful added feature: Rubber cleats!

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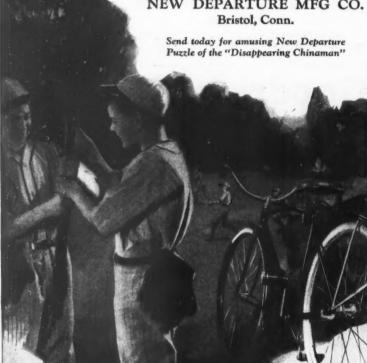
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MISCELLANY

(Continued from page 315)

14. Who wrote "Alice in Wonderland"?
15. What is the greatest speed ever made
by an automobile?
16. How many fathoms are forty-two

feet?

17. What month was named for the first emperor of Rome?

18. Who was the commander of the American forces in Europe during the World War?

19. How many legs has an insect?

20. Which state is called the Badger

(The answers to these questions will be found on page 321.)

COBWEB CABLES

MARVELOUS sometimes is the strength of the tiny, and the skill of the despised. There is a remarkable spider, found in Madagascar, which, like the familiar hermit crab, appropriates shells for a home. But the hermit crab wears his shell, personally, like a coat of mail; it is not a family affair. In the case of the Madagascar spider it is the lady only who inhabits a discarded snail shell, spends her life within it in strict domestic seclusion, and there raises her family. Her husband is a gay vagabond with no fixed home, who leaves his spouse to install her house and provide for her brood unassisted. unassisted.

no fixed home, who leaves his spouse to install her house and provide for her brood unassisted.

How does she do it? For she is, says a writer in L'Echo de Paris, no more than half an inch long; yet she hoists a shell weighing thirty-five times her own weight up from the ground and suspends it from the branch of a shrub some twelve to sixteen inches above the ground. It is as if a man should hoist, with his unaided arms, by means of a cable, a block weighing over two tons to a height of 350 feet!

It is difficult to observe the clever little engineer at her labors, for she is strictly a night worker. But she first sheathes the shell in silk, and then attaches a cable to the point; she then hauls hard with her claws. So much was noted by the owner of such a spider, who kept it in captivity; but he was unable to view the entire process. The spider ceased work whenever a beam of light was directed upon her.

But Mr. L. Faye, who has studied the anatomy of spiders, does not believe that her achievement is, or could be, one of main strength alone. He thinks that, as an engineer properly should, she knows the characteristics and capacities of her material, and makes use of them to serve her ends, in the same fashion that another spider, the theridion, is known to do. This creature has the fancy, not only to build itself a cocoon, but to adorn the outside of it with small but relatively heavy pebbles; and the way it raises them has been observed.

Descending from its cocoon to the ground, spinning a silken thread as it lowers itself, the spider attaches the other end to a pebble and goes up again, spinning a second thread. The threads, moist and sticky when first

the spider attaches the other end to a pebble and goes up again, spinning a second thread. The threads, moist and sticky when first spun, rapidly contract as they dry in the air, and their shrinkage raises the pebble to an infinitesimal degree. The spider repeats the same tactics; and each new pair of silken cables, in shrinking, hoist the weight a trifle further, until with the aid of pushing and hauling, but with no undue exertion of strength, the little engineer has her stone lifted triumphantly aloft, in place, and cemented.

OUTWITTING BRINDLE

THERE is nearly always a way to get around difficulties, but one should first be sure that the way doesn't lead to worse

sure that the way doesn't lead to worse embarrassments.

There was the case of Uncle Hyatt Frame. Uncle Hyatt had just bought a cow to take the place of old Cherry. Her former owner warranted her to be sound, gentle and a good milker, and Uncle Hyatt was pretty well pleased with his bargain until he started in to milk her for the first time. It didn't take two minutes to reveal the fact that he had got hold of a "switcher." Now it is bad enough to have to milk a cow that keeps her tail going in fly time, but in winter, when enough to have to milk a cow that keeps her tail going in fly time, but in winter, when there isn't a vestige of excuse for it, a blow in the face from a long, active tail ending in a couple of stringy curls is bound to arouse

resentment.
At the first switch, Uncle shouted, "Hey!"
At the second, he hit the cow a vicious slap.
At the third, he untangled her curls from his
left ear, heaved his pudgy form off the
(Continued on page 317)

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MISCELLANY (Continued from page 316)

milking-stool, brought a piece of rope and firmly tied the tail to the rafter overhead.

That was late in the winter, and thereafter he tied up the tail each time before he began

to milk.
With the advent of warm weather, Uncle to milk.

With the advent of warm weather, Uncle Hyatt found it more comfortable to milk in the barnyard. There was no rafter to support the offending tail, but Uncle Hyatt was a person fertile in expedients. At the first hint of a switch, he leaned over, seized the tail, tied it by its curls to his boot-strap and went ahead with his milking.

When a last, fruitless squeeze announced an empty reservoir, he hoisted himself to his feet with a grunt, picked up the pail with his right hand and with the palm of his left hand planted a resounding slap on Brindle's flank.

Brindle promptly moved off, taking Uncle Hyatt's left leg with her, and Uncle Hyatt and the right legas promptly followed. Aunt Emily, looking from the kitchen window a moment later, was amazed to see him

Aunt Emily, looking from the kitchen window a moment later, was amazed to see him hopping rapidly about the yard after the cow, splashing milk from the pail to which he still clung, while his uplifted voice alternately besought the beast to "Whoa!"

Aunt Emily had no idea what the trouble was. From where she stood, it looked as though Uncle Hyatt were trying hard to kick the cow, and Aunt Emily jumped to the conclusion that Brindle had angered him by giving him a particularly stinging slap. One thing she could see was that a whole milking was rapidly going to waste, so she called sharply from the window, "Look out for the milk!" Getting no response, she hurried to the door and called again.

By this time, Uncle Hyatt and the cow had reached the farther end of the barnyard and started on the return trip, Brindle had

reached the farther end of the barnyard and started on the return trip. Brindle had changed her saunter to a business-like walk and had the air of one proceeding with a definite destination in view. Uncle Hyatt was still hopping desperately in her wake, his left leg ever and anon flying up spasmodically as the cow gained on him and the tow-line tightened. Through it all, he had held fast to the milk-pail, which momentarily grew lighter.

Hearing Aunt Emily's voice, Uncle Hyatt looked up and saw her in the doorway. At once he began to yell frenziedly, "Emily! Stop her! She'll kill me! Stop her, Emily! She'll kill me!" The cow was between them, so Aunt

Stop her! She'll kill me! Stop her, Emily! She'll kill me!"

The cow was between them, so Aunt Emily was still in the dark as to the reason for Uncle Hyatt's strange behavior, but evidently the cow was to be stopped; so Aunt Emily ran out with some vague idea of heading her off. The result was not happy. As she burst through the barnyard gate, waving her apron and crying "Whoa, Brindle," the frightened cow leaped aside, erking Uncle Hyatt's legs from under him, and broke into a run. The milk-pail flew off at a tangent, and Uncle Hyatt, alternately on his side and his back, skidded swiftly away at the cow's heels, his hands clutching wildly at the barnyard litter as he went.

Finally, on a sharp turn, the boot-strap broke, and Brindle, relieved from her bumping trailer, retired to a remote corner of the

ing trailer, retired to a remote corner of the barnyard, while Aunt Emily tearfully assisted the bedraggled and disheveled Uncle Hyatt

to his feet.
"But tell me, Hyatt," asked Aunt Emily, as, liniment bottle in hand, she diligently worked over the sufferer in the kitchen rocker, "tell me this. If you had to tie the tail to somebody's leg, why didn't you take Brindle's?"

A clove flush proposed to West State

A slow flush mounted to Uncle Hyatt's

A slow flush mounted to Uncle Hyatt's polished cranium, and he gazed fixedly at the cat. Aunt Emily waited.

"Well, I s'pose 'twould have worked out better." he admitted shamefacedly, "but the idee of the boot-strap came to me first, and I was so kind o' pleased with myself for thinking of it that I never stopped to see whether there was anything better."

PACIFICATION BY POTATOES

DURING a sudden tempest, Mr. Merlin Moore Taylor's exploring expedition in darkest Papua was driven to seek shelter in darkest Papua was driven to seek shelter in what was apparently an empty native village, in a region of hostile tribes. But on approaching the largest building it was found to harbor a dozen savages. They were at once distrustful, resentful and terrified; it was necessary to placate or evict them before settling down for the night in the village, or somebody would surely be speared in the back. For half an hour the intruders stood in front of the door trying to coax them out, and proffering gifts

of gaudy beads and food, laid temptingly by the sill. These they would reach for through a crack and draw in with their spears; but not a man would show himself.

At last the visitors ceased trying and set about getting their own supper. Soon a head was stuck furtively out of the door. They pretended not to notice. Then four savages crawled cautiously out. one after the other. crawled cautiously out, one after the other, and made a dash for the encircling stockade. Three 'eaped and scrambled over; the fourth could not make it, and, turning, stood Three 'eaped and scrambled over; the fourth could not make it, and, turning, stood pantingly at bay, his spear pointed threateningly against the intruders, his lips drawn back in a snarl, and a curious, beast-like growl coming from his throat. He looked thoroughly dangerous; but a native corporal rose from his place by the camp fire, approached coolly with a hot sweet potato in his extended hand, and stuck it on the point of the out-thrust spear. Then he walked to the gate, opened it, and signified to the astounded savage that he was free to go, if he wished. Doubtfully he sidled toward it with his potato-tipped spear—then dashed through and was gone. His comrades in the big house had seen his departure; presently one of them ventured forth. The corporal waved him toward the gate, but he halted and stuck out his spear. He wanted his potato!

He got it, grimacing delightedly, and man after man his companions followed his example, receiving their potatoes amid the hilarious laughter of the donors, and squatting down in friendly fashion to eat by the white men's fire.

OUEER NAMES

A READER who was amused by a miscellany article in which we spoke of some incredibly singular names that parents had inflicted on their helpless offspring sends us a list of names belonging to one family she knows of which she thinks will match

Last summer, she says, during the visit of a friend who is also a minister the conversation friend who is also a minister the conversation turned to the promiscuous naming of children. Our friend produced a notebook and insisted that I copy a list of names which he said were all of one family of brothers and sisters. There are some of them living, and I recently met the wife of one of the men. Here is the list: Sadonia Ardonia, Rosando Antridge, Valverna Carbona Carper, Gartholid Idolid, Erravetta Zeluvia, Ratie Relenna, Lala Rodgers, and Vola Vinetta. These are the children of one named Hamilton Hodge Kincaid. Kincaid.

I also knew a family once whose surname was Linkswiler, and there was one daughter named Aurora Borealis and another Dorothula Guyotha.

thula Guyotha.

Perhaps these folks were tired of the Johns, Sams, Bobs and Bettys and put their brains to work to think up some new names; if so, they surely accomplished their purpose.

AN ANIMATED RISING BELL

IN one of his delightful books—"Adventures Among Birds"—the late W. H. Hudson tells some interesting things about a rare and curious South American bird. This is the trumpeter, a quaint, beautiful creature, a little ostrich in shape, taller than a fowl very dark with white wings the creature, a little ostrich in shape, tailer than a fowl, very dark, with white wings, the head and neck glossed with purple and green. A singular bird, too, in its voice and manner, when three or four get together and have a sort of drum and trumpet performance, keeping time to the music with measured steps and bowings and various quaint gestures and motions. Alas! they are delicate tures and motions. Alas! they are delicate birds, and all the beautiful trumpeters we had some time ago in the Zoological Gardens are now dead—to come to life again, let us ope, in their distant home in some Brazilian

hope, in their distant none in some Francisco forest.

About twenty years ago an American naturalist, one Dr. Rusby, was in a part of Bolivia where it was common to keep a pet trumpeter, and he says that the Spanish settlers almost worshiped them on account of their somiable and affectionate domestic of their amiable and affectionate domestic habits. Early in the morning the trumpeter would go into a sleeper's room and salute him on rising by dancing about the floor, bowing its head and dropping its wings and tail, continuing the performance until its presence was noticed and it was spoken to, whereupon it would depart to visit another bedroom, to repeat the ceremony there, then to another, until the whole household had been visited and bid "Good-morning." (Continued on page 321) their amiable and affectionate domestic



When Father Doesn't Know

Why do we dream? Why can't we see in the dark? What holds the stars up? Where does the wind begin?

HE wisest man in the world couldn't answer all the questions one boy or girl can ask. So when Father can't tell you, or is too busy, let The Book of Knowledge explain to you the things you want to know and ought to know, about this puzand ought to know, about this puz-zling world. In this great work, the boys' and girls' own book, you will find the whole absorbing world of knowledge told and pictured so clearly and simply that you just cannot help understanding — and made so interesting that you will love to read it. Here is the wonderful story of plant and animal life; the earth and the

worlds in the skies; science, invention and the marvelous wheels of industry; the march of history; the lives of men and women who have done great things; literature, stories, poems, the arts, and hundreds of ways to have a good time, outdoors and indoors playing games, and making and doing interesting things.

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Note by Editor, The Youth's Companion.— The Y. C. Lab was started eighteen months ago as the first Scientific and Engineering Society for boys everywhere. It has not only enrolled more than 12,000 boys and given them personal help on engineering problems and in the pursuit of higher education, but it has also attracted the attention of older people; for instance, Rear-Admiral Sims, Mr. Earnest Elmo Calkins and many other fathers and mothers who read the Lab page regularly to keep in touch with the march of science.

of science.

I have therefore asked the Director of the Y. C. Lab, Mr. Eric Hodgins, a prominent graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to present at intervals on this page a series of scientific articles of importance to every member of the family. These articles will include remarkable biological studies by the great French naturalist, Henri Fabre, and Dr. Louis I. Dublin of New York, together with scientific studies and forecasts by the most eminent American authorities. authorities.

authorities.

This new policy will in no way disturb the present arrangements of the Lab, which will continue to present its regular Awards, Projects, Proceedings, Questions and Answers and other information for its Members. But the extension of the Lab's service will give it the value, not only of an international scientific society, but of a univer-

national scientific society, but of a university.

Letters of inquiry from any reader, about science, engineering, arts and crafts or technical education will be punctually answered without charge. The first article in the new series is from Mr. Hodgins' own pen It appears on this page.

The Coupon for Boys

IF you are a boy interested in science, the UY. C. Lab is your society. You may depend upon the fact that science will have more to do, every day, with your chance of success and happiness in the world. It is wise to sign the coupon below and return it at once to the Director of the Y. C. Lab, who will send you immediately full details on how you may join the Lab, receive its insignia and certificate, and be eligible to receive its financial benefits.

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The liquid in the beaker is cold as ice, yet it glows like molten steel under the invisible influence of ultra-violet light. Prof. Robert W. Wood of Johns Hopkins University performed this experiment recently.

THE Y. C. LAB



TALKING ON A BEAM OF INVISIBLE LIGHT The secret, directional radio. It takes much complicated mathematics to explain how this apparatus makes it possible to project radio waves along a pathway of ultra-violet light

The Y. C. Lab Announces a New Series of Popular Science Articles

I. The Light We Cannot See

Some of the Marvels of Ultra-violet Radiation

By ERIC HODGINS, S.B.

OST of us think of light as something to see by. This assumption is perfectly right as far as it goes. It has but one serious drawback: it expresses something less than one one-millionth of the truth.

truth.

Many startling things are happening in this rushing age to make us realize that our own five senses, without the aid of many complex helps, are sadly insufficient to cope with what surrounds us. There are sounds we cannot hear. There are sights we cannot see. There are things we cannot touch. Fortunately for us, however, we have been able, particularly within the last hundred years, to supply more than one new help for our senses. Thus it is that we can now and again prove the existence of something that we can neither see nor hear nor touch. And that is how we have come to know about the light we cannot see, and to discover some the light we cannot see, and to discover some fascinating things about it. Let's talk about the ultra-violet rays.

Some Guesses at Light
The ancient Greeks studied light. They incorrectly assumed that minute particles, or "corpuscles," were emitted by the sun; that these, when they struck the eye or the skin, gave sensations which were interpreted as light or heat. In other words, they thought that light fell from the heavens like rain.

Sir Isaac Newton disproved this theory. He had no idea whether this corpuscular theory was right or not, and probably he didn't greatly care. He showed the first attribute of the scientist: curiosity to see theory was right or not, and probably he didn't greatly care. He showed the first attribute of the scientist: curiosity to see what might happen as the result of something he did. He knew that in some curious fashion the direction of light could be altered, but he wanted to find out how. So he darkened a room, cut a slit in a window curtain, allowed a narrow beam of light to fall through it, and then put a prism (a wedge-shaped piece of glass) in its path. Even he must have been rather amazed at what he saw, for he had somehow managed to split up this clear white sunlight into seven (as he thought—a modern physicist can find a hundred) "vivid and intense colors." Violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red, he saw. He had discovered the spectrum—or, to be more precise and up-to-date, the visible spectrum. Great man that he was, there was far, far more about this spectrum that he did not discover—close to discovery though he came.

Newton's great research, however, cast much doubt on the "corpuscular" theory of the Greek philosophers, and a few years later a Dutch physicist, Huygens, put forth the theory which is still held today, although with less certainty than a hundred years ago. He believed that light spread out in waves from the sun as do the waves of water from a pebble thrown into a pond, and that different kinds of light had different "wave lengths"—that is to say, that the distances from one wave crest to the next would be quite different for different kinds of light,

just as a wave in water might be a tiny ripple or a mighty swell.

How Ultra-violet Rays Were Discovered How Ultra-violet Rays Were Discovered We needn't bother with much else in the way of discovery for a century. In the middle of the eighteenth century, another Dutch physicist, Sheele, noticed that silver salts (such as silver chloride) were blackened when the visible spectrum fell upon them. Why he did not then and there discover something mysterious beyond the spectrum is one of the great mysteries of scientific history, but he didn't, and the truth went into obscurity for another twenty-five years. Then in 1801, Ritter, a famous scientist, discovered that the blackening of the silver salts did not wholly coincide with the position of the spectrum projected on themThis seal on manufactured products certifies tests made by the Y. C. Lab



cinating as any discovery that science has ever made, and as fraught with possible good to the world of the future.

Modern Ultra-violet

Modern Ultra-violet

One of the reasons why modern scientists still know much less than they might about ultra-violet radiation is that not until recently has there been any really effective source of it save the sun. The sun emits plenty, but only on days when the atmosphere is clear and the clouds are away can it be observed. Dust and smoke and rain are not the friends of ultra-violet. It was thus not until the invention of the dynamo that scientists obtained a source they could control. The light from lamps or candles or bonfires or the like was close to useless, but the electric arc gave help. Have you seen the street-car tracks of your city being welded together by electric current taken from the trolley wire? Then you have noticed that the welder wears a protecting shield that makes him look like a deep-sea diver, and that other shields about him read "Dangerous to Eyes." For here is an arc amazingly rich in ultra-violet radiations, and, although this light is, as we shall later learn, a tonic and a medicine, one may have a dangerous overdose of it. The carbon arc and the mercury-vapor arc are today's sources of ultra-violet, and you can turn the radiations on as you would the water from a faucet. from a faucet.

Night Driving Made Easy
One startling fact about ultra-violet radiation is its ability, although invisible itself, to make certain substances glow when it is directed at them. Just as it once turned silver chloride black, and thus revealed itself in a world which had hitherto known nothing of it, so it can make other substances, known as fluorescent substances, glow with a pale but startling light. Anthracene, a complex organic chemical, is one of these. Utilizing this fact, an instructor in the electrochemical laboratories of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Dr. Donald C. Stockbarger, recently indulged in a startling flight of fancy. Why should not, he said, the head-



EXPLORING THE JUNGLES OF SCIENCE Dr. Donald C. Stockbarger, who projects lightless movies and talks through space on beams of light, is shown here in the midst of the complications of a modern physicist's laboratory

that the effect insisted on being farther toward the right than it should be. Obviously, there was a light he could not see beyond the violet, which did, for all it was invisible, reveal itself by a pronounced chemical effect. And because it was beyond the violet it is now called *ultra-violet*, or "more than violet," which is the least that we can say about it with certainty. Even a year before this, it had been found that, although there was nothing visible to the left of the deepest red of the spectrum, a sensitive thermometer, if placed there, showed an increase in temperature just the same, and the "infra-red" rays came to discovery likewise.

After that, discoveries came along with comparative rapidity. On the infra-red side there came the Hertzian or electrical waves which nowadays bring to your radio the bedtime stories, the jazz, the market reports and the symphony orchestras. And on the ultra-violet side, with the incredibly short distance from wave crest to wave crest of only 2/100,000,000 of a meter, the X-rays. Yet in spite of all these other wonders, the ultra-violet rays, although twenty-six years older than The Youth's Companion, remain as fas-

lights of automobiles emit, not the visible and blinding rays which so often blind everyone, but the invisible ultra-violet—and thus cause the roadway, the fences and on-coming cars to glow by its invisible presence? So Doctor Stockbarger prepared a model in which a roadway with fences and culverts were covered with anthracene paint. Then in a darkened room, he flashed on his ultra-violet headlights. You could not see these rays, but the model countryside leaped into glowing color. A clear, shining ribbon of road stretched out before the miniature car. The fence rails at the side were live as coals. Yet all the light there was, apparently, came from the objects themselves. You saw no beam or shaft. There was nothing to dazzle the eyes. Some day (it will probably be quite a time, but never mind) real life may utilize the same principle so vividly illustrated in the laboratory; and if so, generations of night drivers of automobiles will bless the name of Stockbarger.

drivers of automobiles will bless the hails of Stockbarger.

Ultra-violet rays are often thought of as having but one wave length. As a matter of fact, if you speak of the "ray," in the singular, you are guilty of a widespread but serious error. There are many different wave

THE SENSITIVE RADIOMETER

Here is one being tended by Doctor Stock-barger, its inventor. It is so sensitive that it will measure at six inches distance the amount of heat from the back of your hand that will pass through a sheet of asbestos



YOUNG DICK was a beginner at golf. He was very enthusiastic and learned quickly. He was especially good in his drives for he seemed to have learned just the right swing. But somehow he fell down on the other shots and his more experienced friend, Bill, always beat him — until the day Dick discovered what was the trouble. vered what was the trouble

It was Jim who told him. "Why listen, Dick," he said, "your clubs aren't uniform — they all feel different. If all your clubs had the same feel as your driver, you'd beat Bill every time. And the only sure way to get the same 'feel' and balance in all your clubs is with Bristol Steel Golf Shafts."

It was a surprised Bill, a few days later who saw Dick beat him hands down, playing an easy consistent game with his new uniform Bristol Steel Shafted

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lengths of ultra-violet, and the total width of the ultra-violet band compares favorably with the width of the entire visible spectrum itself. The shorter these waves grow the more particular they become with regard to the substances through which they will pass. Thus it is that, although many wave lengths of ultra-violet light will penetrate glass of all kinds, the so-called "vital rays," those most responsible for the beneficent, medicinal effects of ultra-violet, being among the shorter of the vibrations, will not pass through ordinary window glass—will not, in fact, pass through any glass not of special composition. On the other hand, fused quartz will let most rays through without hindrance, and there are special kinds of glass now manufactured in this country and in

now manufactured in this country and in Germany which will do likewise. This special glass may be colored so deep and dense a blue (cobalt glass, the physicist is fond of calling it) that it will completely block the visible light rays, yet never bother the carefree ultra-violet, which free ultra-violet, which will still pour through it like water through a

It may occur to you that this radical dif-

that this radical difference in temperament between visible and ultra-violet radiations would make possible a few interesting developments. You are quite right. Moving pictures may be projected on ultra-violet light and be made visible even though the lens of the ultra-violet projector looks as dark as night. The trick is really quite simple to a physicist. One need only light the movie film in a projector with a carbon arc, send the light through the usual lenses, and then filter the result through a thick pane of cobalt glass.

This is what Doctor Stockbarger did. Of course, when this dark ray passes through the air and falls upon an ordinary screen, you see nothing. The entire room is pitch dark.

the air and falls upon an ordinary screen, you see nothing. The entire room is pitch dark. The screen itself is invisible. But suppose now you substitute a screen painted with this same anthracene that we have mentioned once before. Instantly the movie leaps into life and is visible to everyone in the peculiar live and glowing color which only fluorescence can produce. You don't know where it comes from, for you can see no beam of light, no brilliant projector, nothing save the brilliant screen.

Ultra-violet Medicine

Ultra-violet Medicine

It is a versatile ray, this ultra-violet. In addition to the amusing tricks it will play when asked, it serves as a tonic to the human system, and it is being used extensively today in hospitals and sanatoriums for this therapeutic effect. It seems particularly good for children, and saves thousands of lives.

Tuberculosis, dread disease of childhood as well as of adult years, surrenders to ultraviolet radiation if it is caught in time. That is why tubercular patients are kept outdoors whenever possible. If children are gradually subjected to sunlight they may, under conditions properly controlled by a physician, play outdoors all day with almost no clothing, even though the thermometer says zero and the snow is on the ground. Rickets, a bone disease of childhood, is almost directly traceable to a deficiency of wholesome play outdoors, and it likewise slinks away in front of the sturdy onslaught of the vital ray. The appetite improves, weight comes back, cheeks fill out and turn pink, all because of this light we cannot see. The artificial ultra-violet ray is a vital adjunct now in all children's hospitals.

It is curious also that, although ultra-violet itself may produce bad burns, it is

jealous of other agencies which do the same jealous of other agencies which do the same, and burns and scars and sores are often most effectively removed by permitting the radiations to play upon the spot. When you realize, too, that ultra-violet has a pronounced action for the destruction of bacteria you will realize that it is a friend indeed. We must only be careful to keep overdoses of it from our eyes, for cases of blindness from overexposure are known. Ordinary glasses afford ample protection.

Illtra-violet and the Radio

Although ultra-violet and radio waves are, as we have seen, at the opposite ends of the scale in wave length, they are quite friendly with each other, and there is one fascinating collaboration through

which Doctor Stock-barger has been able to put them with an effect the far-reaching possibilities of which have not yet been determined. If we are to get a proper view of this phenomenon, let us pause for a moment and glance at that interesting instrument, the photo-electric cell. A photo-electric cell

is essentially nothing more than a bit of metallic potassium (a tremendously active metal some of whose inmetal some of whose in-teresting peculiarities you possibly know) or of potassium hydride, is metal with hydrogen.

a combination of this metal with hydrogen. This, when mounted with proper connections inside a glass bulb in which a vacuum is produced or which is filled with a low-pressure inert gas, is most sensitive to light and manifests this sensitiveness in its own and manifests this sensitiveness in its own individual way. When light shines upon the hydride, it emits electrons, and the quantity, although not the energy, of emission depends on the amount of light supplied. Now an electron flow is nothing more nor less than what we refer to popularly as an electric current; so that light, falling upon a photo-electric cell, "induces" a current.

So far, so good. Radio now enters the picture and brings about quite a bit of higher mathematics with which let us not concern ourselves. It is a fact, however, that if we take an ordinary radio transmitting set and substitute one of our mercury vapor arcs for the regular oscillator, we can make this arc

take an ordinary radio transmitting set and substitute one of our mercury vapor arcs for the regular oscillator, we can make this arc react to the modulations of the human voice just as the oscillator does when a radio announcer talks into his microphone. The arc reacts by varying the amount of light it emits, and flickers to the tune, so to speak, of the voice that is affecting it. If this light is now gathered up and transmitted as a beam to a distant photo-electric cell, the current induced by the light will vary just as the light does, and a loud speaker can do the rest for you, reproducing this voice just as it does in ordinary radio.

Some day, beyond much question, this discovery is destined to play a great part in the development of radio broadcasting. Radio of today lacks one important feature: selection and discrimination. Anything that is put on the air is audible to millions and millions of people as the waves spread out in all directions. The ability of the ultraviolet ray to concentrate broadcasting only in the direction of a beam of light, and light we cannot see at that, may mean in the future that a "directional radio," something everyone has been thinking about since the first discovery of the Hertzian waves, will be possible. At present, distance is limited, but this limitation need not and will not hold forever. And it already is possible to aim a broadcast so accurately that one receiver may pick it up, and another, not on the target of the ultra-violet ray, may miss it completely.

A Landslide for the Lab!

ON March 31, the Y. C. Lab page was left out of The Youth's Companion. Readers rubbed their eyes in amazement! It was like turkey without cranberry sauce, like the play of Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark himself. But there was an editorial note, stating: "Increasing pressure on our space, or the strain of administering the group affairs of more than 10,200 boys, may make it necessary to omit the Lab page now and then. Take a postal card, please, and let us know whether you want the Lab page regularly every week."

And they did. The returns have come like

a deluge. Not only from Lab Members did they come, but from fathers and mothers, from grandparents, from sisters, from veteran friends of The Companion, years beyond the age limit

of The Companion, years beyond the age limit of the Society.
And what is the result? Of all letters and cards so far received 96.9 per cent are protests against leaving out the Lab page even occasionally. The remaining 3.1 per cent are scattering. A few thought that the Director and Councilors should have a rest, now and then Barely 1 per cent of the people expressed a lack of interest. More about this subject next week.



Sail it or Row it-10¢

OU sail when you want to. You row when you want to. A 14-foot boat like that above might cost a hundred dollars or more. But, you can make it from Stanley Plan No. 19-B for very little money.

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do your best work. Most carpenters use Stanley Tools. Practically every manual training class in the country uses them, too. Your hardware dealer sells Stanley Tools both separately and in sets. Stanley sets sell from \$5 to \$95.

Your hardware dealer has Plan No. 19-B as well as other Stanley Plans for making useful articles, or he can get them for you. The plans cost only 10c each. Ask him also for Catalog No. 34-B which shows the most complete line of woodworking tools on the market. It is free. If he cannot supply you, write to The Stanley Works, New Britain, Conn.

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Buy separately or | 1 Book rack in assortments

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- 9 Bird house
- ☐ 11 Book stand
- ☐ 15 Cedar chest
- ☐ 18 Model sail
- S71 Tool chest S72 Work bench

There are 15 other plans. Ask for list,

The best tools are the cheapest to use. Ask your hardware dealer.

STANLEY TOOLS

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Our Members' Column

ATTENTION, ALL ACTIVE MEM-BERS AND G.Y.C. CLUBS!

IS THIS FOR YOU?



The Treasure Chests have been made for us with all the skill at the command of the Y.C. Lab! They measure 7% inches by 4 inches and are of sturdy wood covered with old-blue leather and studded with "gold" headed nails and fitted with strong little "gold" padlocks and keys

with "gold" headed nails and fitted with strong little "gold" padlocks and keys

N June 1 the records of the money you have earned and saved as members of the G.Y.C. should be in to compete for a Treasure Chest. As you know, winning a chest is one achievement which makes the Active Member and the Branch Club that win eligible for Contributing Membership—the highest honor of the G.Y.C. and one which has not, as yet, been awarded since we started in November, 1926. How can you try for a Treasure Chest? Send in by June 1 your neat, accurate, detailed report of all the money you or your club has saved and earned in any way. No matter how little your record may show, it will be judged entirely on its own individual merit. Prizes, club dues and the results of individual enterprises or club enterprises, such as sales, all count in the reports. If you have had to spend since you started your record, be sure that your report shows that too. It will not be counted against it. The best report will win! No reports can be returned, so be sure to keep your own duplicate. If your record is in your Record Diary, simply send in a copy from that.

The Treasure Chests are awarded for worth-while achievement in money earning and savening. Will one come to you—to your Branch Club—this June? Send in your report right away!

away!

How Many of These Books Have You Read?

Pride and Prejudice, by Jane Austen
Henry Esmond, by William Makepeace
Thackeray
Jeremy, by Hugh Walpole
Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke
Blind Raftery, by Donn Byrne
Seventeen, by Booth Tarkington
Marbacka, by Selma Lagerlöf
Dark of the Moon, by Sara Teasdale
Peter and Wendy, by James Barrie
Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens, by James
Barrie
Frances Emberson (14) of Missouri, our

Barrie Emberson (14) of Missouri, our first Active G. Y. C. Member to be promoted to Contributing Membership, writes that outside of standard lists these are the books which impressed her most, and which, as an average girl, she thinks other girls should include in their reading before they are sixteen or seventeen. We thought this was a good list. What are ten books that you enjoy?

-tarel

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Mass.



Our Keystone Pin of Gold and Blue

Our aim: greater knowledge, skill and happiness through enterprises which lead to successful achieve-ments

Return to Hazel Grey ∆ The G.Y. C., 8 Arlington St., Boston -

Dear Hazel: I should like to know (you may check one or both):
.... How to become first a Corresponding Member, then an Active Member and finally a Contributing Member of the G. Y. C. by myself and how to win the pin and all the advantages of a Member of the G. Y. C. OR

....How to form a Branch Club of the G. Y. C. with several of my best friends and to win the pin and all the advantages of Corresponding, Active and Contributing Members (Please Print Clearly in Pencil)

1 My name is..... I am years old.

"The Girls of The Youth's Companion" - Join Now!

A Rag Rug Recipe

G.Y.C. Workbox Enterprise No. 36

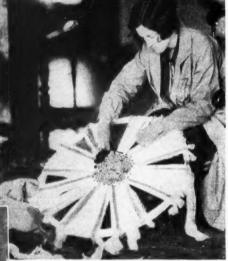
HE first rag rug made at the THE first rag rug made at the Workbox was very simply and quickly made on a hoop frame. This was a regular child's hoop, measuring 27 inches in diameter, but a strong, sturdy one. Any sort of hoop would answer the purpose. A metal wagon rim or even a tire can be used.

The hoop is first wound with strips of cloth to make a surface against which to sew cross strips. A discarded sheet or an old shirt A discarded sheet of an old shift will do nicely for these. The cloth used for the rug itself should not be too heavy. It should be strong but not thick. Heavy material, some cotton and some wool, or a combination of a heavy silk material with a cotton cloth in attractive colors, makes a lovely



A finished rug for our new little

The cloth is cut into strips about 5 inches about 2½ inches wide. These strips are folded lengthwise, with the raw edges folded in so these will not show on the surface of the rug. Four of these folded strips (B in diagram) are put side by side across the center of the hoop and sewed onto the hoop with about 2 inches of the strip hanging over the edge



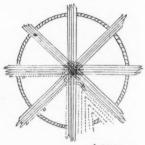
Using the weaver

at each end. Four more strips are adjusted at each end. Four more strips are adjusted in the same manner across the hoop at right angles. On each side of these, four more strips cross, and the hoop is then divided in eighths like a pie. One extra piece (C in diagram) is stitched in the center and brought to the rim. This makes four strips in all sections except one, and that has five. The reason for the extra strip is that it is impossible to weave with an even number of strips. This extra strip makes thirty-three impossible to weave with an even number of strips. This extra strip makes thirty-three strips in all going from the center to the rim of the hoop. A long piece of cloth about 1½ inches wide is taken for a weaver (A in diagram). This is fastened at the center and brought under and over the strips about three times around. three times around.

To fill in the open spaces between the groups of four strips eight extra pieces of cloth are put in V-shape (D in diagram), sewed to the rim, fastened into the center by the weaver, and brought back to the rim. These V-shaped pieces are put in each time the weaver goes around until the space is

filled and the weaver has worked out to the rim. After the weaving is finished pull out the stitches holding the rug to the hoop and the stitches nothing the rug to the hoop and sew it around the edge either on the sewing-machine or by hand, leaving a fringe around the rug of about two inches.

The colors in the rug show in the crossing strips and the cloth used for the weaving



G Group of town Steps C Estab Stra

should be all the same color. The girls think their rug very successful. They used an old lavender linen dress for the long strips, and the V-shaped strips were orange, light yellow and jade green with a little black. The weaving was all done in black.

After the strips are cut and the hoop bound the weaving of the rug should not take over two or three hours.

Watch for a photograph that will show you how charming this rug looks in the little bedroom of the G. Y. C. House—we are working on furnishings for that room now!

And if you make this rug as an enterprise, be sure to tell us about it, won't you?

LETITIA VALENTINE

Some Favorite Cakes

Ernestine Paschke (12) sends us from California her favorite recipe for luncheon cake.

½ cup of butter 2½ cups of flour 3 rounding cup of sugar 2 eggs 4 teaspoon of salt ½ teaspoon of salt ½ teaspoon of vanilla Mix these ingredients in the order given, creaming the butter and sugar, beating the eggs, and sifting the dry ingredients together and adding them alternately with the milk. Ernestine bakes in a moderate oven for from 30 to 35 minutes.

A 1-2-3-4 CAKE

A 1-2-3-4 CAKE

1 cup of butter
2 cups of sugar
3 cups of flour
4 eggs
1 teaspoon of baking powder
1 teaspoon of desired flavoring.
Cream the butter
and sugar. Add the wilk and flour and salt and baking powder, which have been sifted together.
After the ingredients have been mixed together thoroughly add the whites of the eggs, well beaten. Bake in a moderate oven.

well beaten. Bake in a moderate oven. If you make a layer cake, bake each layer about 15 minutes. If you make cup cakes, bake in hot oven, about 15 minutes. Any frosting desired may be put on cake.

LOUISE HOFF (13), N. Y.



TEA CAKES

TEA CAKES

Break 1 egg into a bowl. Beat well, add ½ cup of sugar, slowly continuing to beat. Add 2 tablespoons of butter, melted, and 1½ tablespoon of cocoa melted. Sift 1 cup of flour, 1 teaspoon of baking powder and ½ teaspoon of salt and add alternately with ½ cup of milk. Bake in muffin tin for about 15 minutes in moderate oven. Ice with white icing and decorate with nuts or cherries.

Frances Bauman (13), Pa.

MY FAVORITE CAKE RECIPE

1 cup of flour
1/4 teaspoon of soda
1 teaspoon cream of tarter
1 cup of sugar
1 cup of sugar
1 cup of sugar
2 cycle
1 cup of sugar
2 cycle
2 cycle
3 cup of sugar
3 cycle
3 cycle
4 cup of sugar
4 can
6 cycle
6 cycle
7 cup of sugar
7 can
6 cycle
7 cup of sugar
8 cycle
8 cycle
8 cup of sugar
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8 cup of sugar
9 cycle
8 cycle
8 cup of sugar
9 cycle
8 cycle
9 cycle
9 cup of sugar
9 cycle

From Girl to Girl

Sherman Hall May 1, 1927

Dearest Betty: Here is the dress that Hazel Grey promised to pick out as "just the right thing" for commencement, prom or formal evening graduation exercises. I must say I can't imagine anyone who couldn't have a wonderful time and look and be at her best and loveliest—no matter when or where she wore this. I got such a thrill out of just putting it on for the picture!

The dress I wore was pale pink taffeta with an appliquéd hem coming almost half way up the skirt into irregular points—very new and unusual looking. A touch I liked was the way the hem and the darling little bow and streamers were made of a deeper harmonizing shade—a lovely soft apricot pink that brought out the delicate coloring of the dress itself. The garlands of French flowers across the front of the bodice and catching the streamers in the back are sweet. And I loved the way the first all the streamers in the first all the streamers ala

loved the way the flair skirt was shirred onto the waist, too, with little hoop things underneath on each



One more month of classes, exams, and then vacation. I can hardly wait for this summer to come! Do write soon.

Lovingly, Lugame About Ordering: Besides coming in all white, this dress comes in lovely shades of blue, green or pink taffeta with hem and streamers of deeper harmonizing color. The sizes are 13, 15 and 17, and the price, \$25.00.

side to give it that standy-out effect of a "robe de style" which everyone always seems to like so much. Don't you think it sounds like the loveliest

thing you ever saw? One more month

I've just finished reading the best book that Molly Greene's sister sent her for her birthday. It's all about an English girl, Ann Cardew, and her friends and adventures when she goes away to boarding-school. The name of it is "St. Mary's," after the school, and it's by Pamela Hinkson. The publishers are Longman, Green and the price is \$2.00.

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To assist Companion readers who are seeking the practical in Graduation gifts, we have brought together the choicest articles from the gift centers of the country. And best of all, they are available at extremely moderate prices. You may order direct from this announcement and the gifts you select will be carefully packed and sent to you at once. Send a trial order today and you will be delighted with the economy and convenience of Y. C. shopping. The "Name-on" Self-Filling Functain Pen. High grade, fully guaranteed fountain pen. Black finish, with gold-filled band and lever. It is ink tight and may be ca ried in any positi without fear of leak the pen of the control of the control of the control of the ridium tip. Pen co for women. State when ordering. Any r to sixteen letters pui

Memory Book. Beautiful leather covered book with looseleaf pages. Pages are attractively decorated for recording autographs, photographs, programs, athletics, fraternities, and all the various college activities. A glit that any girl going to college will treasure \$2.50











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\$18.75

Boy's Strap Watch. Boy's White Gold No. 32. Makes a most acceptable pift. Solid nickle ase, guaranteed 6 jewel lever movement. Solid cugared case, solid cugared case, and sol

MISCELLANY

(Continued from page 317)

Afterwards, when all were up, it would attach itself to some one member of the family and follow him or her about most of tamily and follow him or her about most of the day. The trumpeter loved and took an interest in every one of the house, including the stranger within the gates, but was specially devoted to one or two individuals.

AWFUL AND AWFULLY

ANTI-SLANG societies with fines for the ANTI-SLANG societies with fines for the use of slang, the proceeds to go to charity, are nothing new in America; indeed, they are distinctly old-fashioned. But the formation of such a society in a famous girls' school in England the other day was either sufficiently novel or sufficiently surprising to find its way into the newspapers. There is no part of a living language which changes so rapidly as slang. The popular slang word or phrase or misused adjective that was upon everybody's lips in one decade by the next has become unnoticed good usage or has been forgotten; yet there are exceptions next has become unnoticed good usage or has been forgotten; yet there are exceptions. Those resolute young English reformers may pay out a good many pennies on "awfull" and "awfully," and so did some young Americans half a century before them. An old friend—then a young friend—of The Companion is reminded of a little experience she had fifty years ago with a fine old precisian in speech, then a very old lady, who had in her earlier years been well known as a teacher under her odd maiden name of who had in her earner years been well known as a teacher under her odd maiden name of Miss Zilpah Polly Grant. Mrs. Bannister, as she then was, lamented that girls no longer desired to acquire "that elegance and precision of language which alone befit the lips of a gentlewoman in polite society." She especially decried the abuse of awful and awfully:

She especially decried the abuse of awful and awfully:
"Words, my dear, to be fittingly applied only when extreme reverence is implied. The Bible—but I cannot bring myself to use Holy Writ as an illustration. Let us instead take Milton; the works of Milton are sufficiently noble and elevated to point an illuminating contrast. Just now, my child, you said you liked 'Little Women' —an innocent but frequently humorous tale by Louisa Alcott—'awfully.' No doubt you like it very much, but not with awe, not awfully. Miss Alcott's abilities are not aweinspiring. Now, had you been speaking of

awfully. Miss Alcott's abilities are not awe-inspiring. Now, had you been speaking of Paradise Lost—"

The dear old lady had no sense of humor, and she was quite satisfied to be assured meekly, "It wouldn't sound quite right to say I like Paradise Lost awfully; but if you think I ought to say it's awful, I will!"

ANSWERS

(Questions on pages 315-316)

1. Sir Robert Baden-Powell, in England. 1. Sir Robert Baden-Powell, in England.
2. Twenty-one. 3. China. 4. Six. 5. Sir Isaac Newton. 6. Pine and spruce are soft-wood trees; the others are hard woods. 7. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain). 8. The pearl.
9. Flax. 10. A collection of hives in which honeybees are kept. 11. Thomas J. Jackson.
12. Mary Todd. 13. 120 yards, under the new rules. 14. C. L. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll).
15. 203.79 miles an hour. 16. Seven. 17. August. 18. Gen. John J. Pershing. 19. Six. 20. Wisconsin.

THE BEST MOTION PICTURES

There are all sorts of motion pictures, and There are all sorts of motion pictures, and it is by no means easy to get trustworthy information about which ones are clean and entertaining; not merely "unobjectionable," but worth seeing. The Youth's Companion gives its readers this list, revised every week, of the pictures that it thinks good enough to recommend.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION BLUE-RIBBON LIST

Let it Rain—Paramount
An irresponsible young marine is steadied by the influences of danger, love and discipline. Douglas MacLean.

The Mysterious Rider—Paramount
Zane Grey's romance of the homesteaders of the
West translated for the screen. Jack Holt.

The Magic Garden—F. B. O.
A boy and girl romance stands the test of fame and long separation. Raymond Keane, Margaret Morris.

Johnny Get Your Hair Cut-Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Orphaned but self-reliant, a little stable boy wins
the great handicap race for the man who befriended
him. Jackie Coogan.

Mill. Jackie Coogan.

Side, Kelly, Silde—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
A conceited young pitcher from a bush league
learns that grandstand plays are not all there is to
being a Big Leaguer. William Haines and the New
York Yankees.



of a child... lies an innate love of the beautiful!

So often we grown-ups say, "How I wish I had been given the opportunity to study music!" But, will our children have those advantages we were denied?

Have you helped to develop this divine spark in your own child? Is he receiving the rudiments of a musical education along with his schooling?

Closely allied with your child's musical Closely allied with your child's musical training, is the important question of the instrument. A carelessly constructed, poor toned piano will not "be good enough to start with"—even a child quickly loses interest if there is no inspiration in the piano upon which he practices. Rather look for the skill and care which is used in making.

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They are built for long service and have proven they retain their original sweetness of tone after years of constant usage. Me will gladly send you our Illustrated Booklet describing our pianos upon re-quest, and tell you where to purchase your Jesse French & Sons Piano. Ask for de-tails of our Easy Payment Plan.

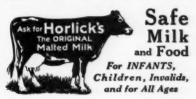


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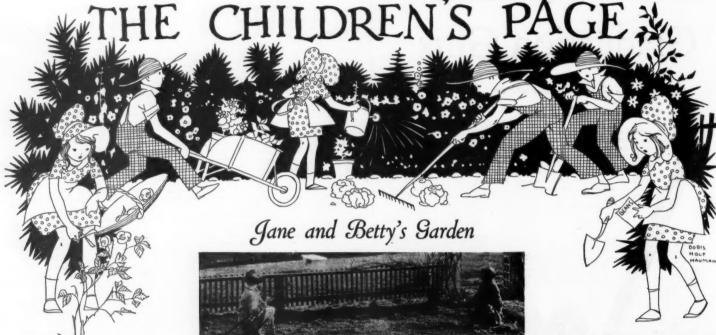
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass



Jane held one end of the line and Betty held the other

You Can Be a Member of the Five-Month Garden Club-Join Today -Try for a Prize

Try for a Prize

AVE you a little garden of your very own? Are you going to have one? If you have,—or are going to have,—you can belong to the Garden Club. It begins today, the very minute you are reading this. And it makes no difference how large or how small your garden is or whether you are planning to grow just vegetables, or just flowers, or some of both in it. There will be a division for each one of those kinds of garden when the time comes to award the prizes. If you live in a city, don't believe for a second that you haven't a chance in the Garden Club. If you can grow something in a flower box, or in a little strip of land in your yard, there is a place for you, too.

The prizes will be given out after October 1, at the end of the five months.

BOYS

BOYS

First: A Silver Loving Cup engraved with winner's name and the date
Second: An Eastman Camera or a Strap
Watch

Third Prizes: Fifteen of them-\$1.00 each GIRLS

First: A Silver Loving Cup engraved with winner's name and the date Second: An Eastman Camera or a Wrist Watch

Watch
Third Prizes: Fifteen of them—\$1.00 each
Each month—June,
Superment of them—\$1.00 each
Each month—June,
July, August and
September—you will find another little
story about the garden that Jane and Betty
have just started. Perhaps it will give you
some good ideas to help you with yours. And
in between times there will be news about
other members of the Garden Club.
The club dues are 10 cents, which covers
the whole five-month period. Send them in
with this little blank and you will get:

1. Some garden record sheets to help you
try for a prize.

Some garden record sheets to help you try for a prize.
 The Garden Club insignia; this is a "surprise secret"!
 The rules of the Garden Club—just a few to help us all.

When you belong to the club you will also have the right to send in to the Leader of the Garden Club any questions you have.

There is a place in the Garden Club for every boy and girl not over 14 years old.

LAST year Jane and Betty helped Daddy take care of the big garden. And they were such good helpers that this year he said they might have a little garden all their own. The children thought they could begin their garden right off. But Mother said no; the brown turned-up earth must lie in the sun for several weeks until it was warm all through. Then the seed wouldn't die when they were planted.

O while they waited they planned what kind of garden it should be. They decided to have vegetables mostly (for "usefulness," Jane said), with a row of flowers round the edge "for beautiful-ness." It was Betty who thought of morning-glories to climb the fence at the back. "Because," she explained, "they'll be in bloom when we work there in the mornings."

"they'll be in bloom when we work there in the mornings."
Mother let them go alone to the store to buy the seed. They bought a packet each of radish and lettuce and beet and carrot seed, and some wee little onions that the man called "sets." Then they bought quite a lot of peas and beans, and a packet of spinach. Jane explained to the store man that Mother

thought the garden would be too small for corn, and that he must sell them bush beans instead of pole beans, because they take up less room. Then they bought a packet of zinnia in all the mixed-up colors, and the morning-glories.

GINALLY, one day late in April, Mother said it was time to begin. They all took rakes and smoothed over the garden which was to be their very own. Then they got a big piece of twine and tied a pointed stick to each end of it. This was a garden line to measure the garden and help keep the rows straight

Jane held one end of the line, and Betty held the other. They stretched it out across the garden about 9 feet from the edge and the garden about 9 feet from the edge and pushed the sticks into the ground to keep it there. Then they tramped a path along this line to separate their own little garden from the big one. Their garden measured nearly 9 feet wide and about 25 feet long.

When it had been raked very smooth and even, they stretched the line crosswise to mark the first row. Jane drew a little trench down the line with a stick, and Betty fol-

lowed along behind, dropping in radish seed, not too close together. Such fun! Then they raked the earth back over the seed, pressed it down firmly, and put in a wooden marker with the name on it of the seed in that row.

While they worked, Mother cut another stick, one foot long, and then showed them how to measure with it, one foot from the line to the next row. When they had marked the place at each end, they raised the line and set it up again for the second row. That was how they got all the rows very straight and the same distance apart.

By lunch time they had planted two rows of each kind of vegetable except the beans. Mother told them that it was still too early for them and the flowers. She explained how you waited two weeks, and then sowed two more rows of everything, so that you wouldn't have all your vegetables ready to pick and eat at the same time. You called it "succession." I think they were glad to wait. Jane said she was hungry enough to eat the rest of the seed just as they were!

Next month I will tell you about that, and about how they learned to weed and thin the baby plants.

The Garden Club Leader

Cut this out and send it with your dues of 10 cents to

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The Garden Club Leader 8 Arlington Street Boston, Massachusetts

Crack Muto IV. MISSING LETTERS.

I. WORD-BUILDING.

In this poem, the first space represents a one-letter word, the second a two-letter word, and so on. Each word is formed by adding one letter to the letters in the preceding word, and rearranging the letters. "Hark you, king," the ancient prophet cried. "Have you ... among the ... that ride? None but the brave," went on his fervid"And men should ever sit on"

II. WORD-DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. Is able. 3. A ditch. 4. Kind of fruit (plural), 5. Girl's name, 6. Reclined, 7. A letter.

III. ENIGMA.

Place first a common little vowel, And after last, I see. This word then stretches quite a bit; So think what it can be.

THLSLDGR SWRVRKPT XCLLNTLY

V. COLONEL PUZZLER.

A message was handed in to headquarters which was finally turned over to Colonel Puzzler to decipher. He found there was a simple way to make it readable. Here is the message:

Dens no there shores evens snug dan prose.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

- I. Roes, rose, ores, Eros, sore. II. Not-Ice.
- III. C-I-D. Cid: M-I-L-O. Milo.
- IV. Toast, Roast, Coast, Boast.
 V. There were twenty-five soldiers at first; there were eleven officers.

My name..... My age and date of birth.....

My address.....

☐ vegetable garden
☐ flower garden
☐ vegetable and flower garden

I started it (Approximate date)

□ vegetable

I am planning to have a ☐ flower garden ☐ vegetable and flower

and start it (Approximate date)





A May Basket



With milk



And catnip



· Hung on Tabby's door



Tabby was pleased!



She caught Tom



They had a party

Such delicious pure fruit flavors in desserts made with



YOU'VE never seen prettier desserts than the ones you can make with Jell-O. And you've never tasted more delicious pure fruit flavors! You'll like them all.

At your afternoon parties—in the evenings when your friends drop in—serve refreshments they all love! Serve Jell-O. . . it's so economical and easy to make that it won't matter how many times they come back for more!

Throughout America, Jell-O is served. Three out of every four families prefer it to all other gelatin desserts! Delicious fruit flavors keep all their freshness

and purity in the tightly sealed little package.

Jell-O—so tempting, so popular everywhere—is also a body-building, energizing food of great value. And it requires very little digestive effort. These are additional reasons for serving Jell-O frequently. Your grocer sells Jell-O. Five flavors—strawberry, raspberry, lemon, orange and cherry.

A special offer of Jell-O molds

For 30c (in coin or stamps) and the front of one Jell-O package, we will send you six aluminum Jell-O molds, individual size, assorted designs.

With them we will send you a delightful Jell-O recipe booklet. Mail the coupon today!

The Jell-O Company, Inc., Le Roy, N.Y.

THE JELL-O COMPANY, INC. Le Roy, New York

I am enclosing 30c (coin or stamps) and one Jell-O package front. Please sendme six individual Jell-O molds, assorted shapes, and the Jell-O recipe booklet. N.Y. JELEO

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